

Reading Room No: PIND/21/.....  
A.N.M.'s Higher Secondary School  
BANGALORE



# SONS TAKE OVER

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*





Reading Room No: P/ND/SR/\_\_\_\_\_  
R.B.A.N.M's Higher Secondary School  
BANGALORE-1,

R.B.A.N.M'S H.S (M) LIBRARY  
B'lore-4

Accession No ; **3667**



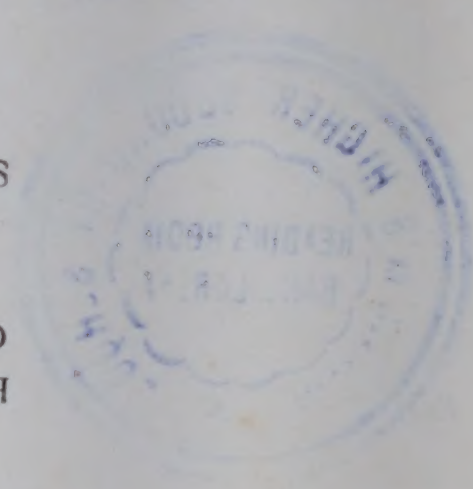
**13-8-82**

# SONS TAKE OVER

I. BRAININ

NOVOSTI PRESS AGENCY PUBLISHING HOUSE  
MOSCOW

Reading Room No. 2112  
R.B.A.N.M.'s Higher Secondary School  
BANGALORE-1



THERE ARE NO FICTITIOUS  
NAMES OR SITUATIONS  
IN THIS NARRATIVE.

SOME READERS MAY FIND  
IT TOO SATURATED WITH  
FACTS AND THEREFORE  
SOMEWHAT DRY.

THAT MAY BE SO.

HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE  
THING OF WHICH THE  
AUTHOR IS CONFIDENT--  
NO ONE WILL QUESTION  
ITS AUTHENTICITY BE-  
CAUSE IT IS WHOLLY  
BASED ON DOCUMENTS.

AUTHOR



■ An inconspicuous cemetery on the outskirts of a large industrial city. A warm spring day...

A stocky middle-aged man quietly approaches a grave fenced in with iron grating. He is former air force pilot, Hero of the Soviet Union, Spartak Makovsky.

For but a few moments he stands still. Then he bends down, carefully removes some dry grass wafted by the breeze and clears the dust from the granite tombstone bearing a distinct epitaph:

*Makovsky, Iosif Ivanovich*  
1893-1943

Fifty years. The life of the man buried here lasted only fifty years. But it had been a full and a great life...

"Oh, Pappa, you should have taken better care of yourself", Spartak speaks softly, almost in a whisper, gazing at the epitaph. What thoughts come to his mind at this moment?

Alexandrovsk... The Revolution... Siberia... Zaporozhye... The war... The Urals... And again his native Zaporozhye. A remarkable machine, the human brain—decades flash through it in a matter of a fraction of a second. So let us slow down this swift motion to see what is flashing through the mind of this man who has come to honour the memory of his father.



Alexandrovsk. Hardly one out of a thousand people in Russia can tell you where this town is located. Not that this is a small and remote town. No, it is neither small nor remote. And the number of places of interest there is no smaller than in any other town. Any schoolchild will tell you where it is if you use its new name—Zaporozhye. But, perhaps, first I shall give you a description of the Alexandrovsk where Iosif Makovsky spent his childhood.

Cast a glance at the map of the Soviet Union. Approximately one thousand kilometres from Moscow you will see the twisting line of the Dnieper River. Aside from the Volga and the Danube this is the third largest river in Europe, and you should have no difficulty finding it. At first the Dnieper flows in the direction of the Azov Sea, and then, as if changing its mind and deciding it would rather flow into the Black Sea, the river turns abruptly to the right in the direction of Odessa. The small circle or dot near this curve of the river represents the city of Zaporozhye, formerly Alexandrovsk, which I shall now proceed to describe.

Here, two hundred years ago stood the Alexandrovskaya Fortress which guarded the near-by settlements from inroads by the Turks and Crimean Tartars. At the beginning of the last century the fortress became the chief town of a district. But, perhaps, the name "town" is too big a designation for a settlement whose houses were made of brushwood and willow rods covered with clay, and the roofs were of thatch or reeds.

Let us not go so far back—we are interested in a more recent period, the beginning of the twentieth century. By then Alexandrovsk had acquired a considerable proletariat. These were workers of the railway junction and of several plants built by foreign capitalists, as well as those employed in handicraftsmen's workshops. A significant proportion of the population were part workers, part peasants. They worked



at enterprises, and at the same time cultivated grain and vegetables on their strips of land. It was to this category of town dwellers, though actually they were residents of its suburb, the village of Voznesenka, that the large and poor family of the stone-mason Ivan Makovsky belonged.

This is what his son wrote in his autobiography in 1938:

"Iosif Makovsky, born in 1895 in the former village of Voznesenka, Alexandrovsk district, Yekatyerinoslav province, now Bolshoye Zaporozhye, Dniepropetrovsk region.

"My father was a poor farmer, and before the Revolution he had only one horse which cost 25 roubles, a cow, and a poor one-room house; he was unable to finish building the second room for lack of money. The family consisted of nine sons, two daughters and the parents—in all thirteen people. . ."

Thirteen people to a room! Such poverty was no exception. The Russian workers and peasants in those times, which are not so remote after all, were not only deprived of political rights but also were economically enslaved and culturally backward. The overwhelming majority were illiterate.

## **TURBULENT CHILDHOOD**

■ The year 1905. The horrible news of the shooting down of unarmed workers in Petersburg on January 9 reached the provincial town of Alexandrovsk. Those people had gone to petition the tsar to alleviate their hard life. They were met with bullets. The news stirred up the industrial workers of the town. Leaflets appeared, issued by the Local Committee of the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party.

"Comrades, how much longer are we going to tolerate the brutal acts of violence committed by the government against the people?" said one of these leaflets. "Have not the



villains shed enough of our blood? The earth resounds with the groaning of the people and rivers of tears and blood are shed. . . . We create all the valuable things on earth, and we do not want to starve. The day of the people's judgment and vengeance has come. . . ."

The workers were called on to fight for their political rights, for an eight-hour working day and an increase in pay. The leaflet ended: "Down with the tsarist autocracy!"

The indignation of the working people waxed with each passing day. On February 10, work in all the factories and workshops of Alexandrovsk came to a halt. Meetings were held at the enterprises.

"Some persons made speeches of a revolutionary nature," the district prosecutor reported to his superiors.

"At long last our town has received its certificate of political maturity. Its quiet streets are filled with striking workers, handicraftsmen, shop-assistants and intellectuals. Factories and small workshops stand idle. . . ." This report from Alexandrovsk was published in the Bolshevik newspaper *Uperyod* (Forward) on March 2, 1905.

What demands did the strikers put to the employers and authorities?

As throughout the country, in the Yekatyerinoslav province the working day in the workshops and factories was ten to eleven hours. And in some it reached twelve hours. The strikers' first demand was for an eight-hour working day. Next, they demanded that their representatives take part in fixing pay rates, in deciding on matters concerning the dismissal of any worker and in settling all conflicts. In addition, the workers demanded: half-pay during a period of sickness or disability, setting up schools for their children, permission to organize trade unions, repeal of the system of fines and compulsory deductions, dismissal of foremen guilty of ill-treatment of workers, improvement of me-



dical aid and sanitary conditions of work... This list of demands is far from complete. But it suffices to give an idea of the oppression and exploitation of the workers who were deprived of all rights at the beginning of the 20th century.

Nor was the life of the peasants any better. They were dependent upon the landlords, remaining half-serfs and leading a stagnant life of starvation, poverty and ignorance.

As in many other parts of the country the booklet "To the Rural Poor" by V. I. Lenin was then being illegally circulated in the Ukraine. This booklet revealed the miserable position of the Russian peasantry and indicated the road of fighting, together with the working class, for freedom, for the right to own land, for socialism. This booklet was passed from hand to hand and stirred the people to fight. Driven to desperation the peasants in many parts of the country set fire to the landlords' estates. Clashes between peasants and the police became more frequent.

Proclamations were often found in Voznesenka, now in a haystack, now in the crack of a well frame, now under a stone on the planked footway where the women washed their linen on the Dnieper. Some thought this must be the work of the railroad workers who had begun to frequent the village. Others suspected the stone-masons who often voiced indignation with their hard toil and miserable earnings.

One of the leaflets was confidentially shown to Iosif by a friend. Hiding in the bushes, curiosity getting the better of their fear, the two friends unfolded the leaflet.

"The Russian Social-Democratic Party," Iosif read very softly, pronouncing the unfamiliar words with difficulty. "Workers of the world, unite!"

The leaflet told about the bloody events in Lodz, about the strike of the Ivanovo-Voznesensk workers, about the uprising on the *Potyomkin-Tavrichesky* battleship, about the Cossacks killing strikers in Yekatyerinoslav. It ended with



an appeal: "Down with the tsarist autocracy!" "Long live the popular revolution!"... "Long live socialism!"

"Before her death my mother often recalled the childhood of my elder brother, Iosif," Anna Makovskaya relates. "From her reminiscences I learned that he used to get leaflets somewhere. Once my mother discovered them at the bottom of an egg-basket, another time she found them under some crocks in the kitchen garden. Mother was very anxious for Iosif, and twice, when the police were prowling in the village, she hid Iosif in a trough in the barn, covering him with hay.

The flame of the uprising raged across the province of Yekatyerinoslav. In his report No. 92, dated December 18, 1905, the local police-officer Nikitin informed the district police-officer that "something horrible is going on and there is complete anarchy" in the villages in his charge. "The rebellion has swept over a vast area, and a large military force is needed to suppress it," the panic-stricken district police-officer wrote to the governor.

The peasants demanded that the land of the landlords and kulaks be given to them without charge and that the money recently exacted from them as "fines" be returned. They set fire to the landlords' houses and divided up the grain, cattle and agricultural implements seized from the landlords.

"Judgements" was the title of the resolutions adopted at peasants' meetings. In one of these "judgements" we read:

"The division of society into estates should be abolished. Let there be neither lord nor servant in our holy Russia, let there be only sons of the Motherland; let the poor man and the wealthy man, the nobleman and the man-in-the-street bear the glorious name: citizen of the Russian Empire."

In the streets of Alexandrovsk Iosif saw throngs of indignant townspeople. He knew of the clashes between the



workers and the police and the troops; he read the leaflets which told about the violence committed against the people by the tsarist authorities, he caught snatches of conversations about peasants' "judgements", about the future punishment that would be meted out to the hateful exploiters.

At that time the sad news of the tragic death of their compatriot Karmaz reached the inhabitants of Voronezenka. Some said that Karmaz had been burned alive in the city of Lugansk where he had been hiding from the police. Others said that he had returned the fire of the police and then, not to be captured alive, had taken poison. To fulfil the governor's order—get the rebel dead or alive—the police took the dead body to Yekaterimulay.

Young Makovsky had known the man well and respected him highly. Was Karmaz an enemy of the Motherland as the police asserted? This was hard to believe.

Continuing her reminiscences Anna Makovskaya says: "Mother said that Iosif was the kind of boy who had to know everything—why the railwaymen had stopped work, why the peasants set fire to the landlords' estates, and also why the police had killed Karmaz."

His mother's customary answer "It all comes from God" did not explain anything to the boy. He wanted to understand why life was so unjustly arranged that some had everything, others nothing.

Even as a boy of ten Iosif helped his father to make a living—each summer he hired out as a shepherd. And in 1909, when not yet fourteen, he applied for a job at the wheelwright shop of Naum Donets.

His master made him clear the litter and fetch the tools and materials for the workmen. And he warned the boy that he would get no money for his work, and would only be given breakfast and lunch.

Iosif understood that he would have to toil for almost

nothing. But there was no other way out. He cleared the litter, fetched what he was told to and ran on errands to buy vodka and tobacco for the master and the workmen. And when he had some free time he tried to learn how to use the joiner's and fitter's tools and helped the workmen who were making carriage wheels.

On Sundays, he accompanied his father and his father's fellow-workers on their fishing-tours to the low banks of the Dnieper. The railwaymen and the workers of the farm-tool manufacturing plant also came there. They brought fishing rods, kettles, food—everything the way it should be. But least of all were they interested in fishing. Under the guise of care-free fishermen they came here to hold illegal meetings. The "fishing-tours" became political education schools for the workers. It was there that they read and discussed illegal booklets and leaflets, planned joint action in the struggle for improving their position and realized the need to prepare for a fight against the capitalists and landlords.

At the illegal meetings Iosif Makovsky became acquainted with the young revolutionary workers of a factory near Voznesenka, and soon he went to work there. He was taken on as an apprentice and though it was but a pittance that he was paid, still it was some kind of pay. Of prime importance was the opportunity to acquire a good trade. He became an electrician and then a mechanic.

The first years of Iosif Makovsky's working career were in the period when reactionaries were rampant in Russia. After stilling the revolution the tsarist government took cruel revenge on the workers and peasants. Punitive expeditions were dispatched to those parts of the country where the action of the masses had been most intense. The secret police sent its agents and provocateurs into the factories. In Alexandrovsk, as in many other towns, "black lists" of political suspects were drawn up. Young Makovsky was among



those black-listed. He was fired. However, allaying the suspicions of the owner he succeeded in finding employment at another plant. In the spring of 1912, at the Lena gold-fields in Siberia, the police opened fire on a peaceful procession of workers seeking to conduct negotiations with their employers. This atrocity caused the revolutionary movement in the country, to flare up with fresh intensity. Strikes broke out sporadically in many places. Unrest among the peasants increased.

... This happened shortly before World War I. In the village the elder went from house to house, knocked on the window frames and called out: "Come to a meeting!" One after the other the peasants moved towards the square, wondering what the occasion for the meeting was. When a large crowd had gathered an official from the district town mounted a little hill. He drew a paper out of his briefcase, read it out in a monotonous tone and then asked: "Is everything clear?"

The peasants remained silent although not everything was clear. The paper contained an offer to the effect that those who wished to might move to Siberia where there was plenty of free virgin land. Before long the silence was dispelled and a flood of questions was directed to the official. At what price would the land be sold? Was the place of resettlement far from a railroad? Was there a river there? Were the frosts very severe?

Slowly and silently Iosif's father, Ivan Ilyich, walked home from the meeting. Here was food for thought. Life in Siberia might indeed be easier, but it was no simple matter to move there with a family as large as his. He was uncertain. However, the scale was tipped by a circumstance of political rather than economic nature—the police had begun to watch him too closely. Wouldn't it be a good idea to get out of their sight in time?

Recalling that period Iosif's brother, Ivan, wrote: "Father suffered and worried a great deal on account of the frequent visits by the police. These had placed our family in such an unbearable position that father finally decided to leave for the Semipalatinsk province in far-off Siberia."

It was not easy to leave a place which had long been home, and only the hope for a better life gave the villagers courage and strength. In early spring of 1914 twenty families started out. They had a long journey to make—almost six thousand kilometres. They travelled in vans designed for transporting goods and cattle. The sole "conveniences" of the vans consisted of plank-beds and a small iron stove. To support his family during the journey Iosif hired out as a labourer with a wealthy peasant. He took care of the rich man's cows and pigs—fed and watered them and cleaned the manure. Iosif spent most of the journey in one car with the cattle.

At last they reached their destination. The family settled down in Svobodny, a community in the Byelotserkovskaya volost (rural subdistrict), Pavlodar district.

When still in the now remote Voznesenka, Iosif had been paying attention to smart, hard-working girl Yefimia Karmaz, sister of the above-mentioned slain revolutionary. Those had been chance meetings—"Hallo", "So long". But in Siberia they met constantly, became close friends and were soon married.

## IN WHOSE INTERESTS?

■ Their happiness did not last long. Shortly after the wedding war broke out. News of the mobilization was brought to the new settlers by a messenger from Pavlodar. Nineteen-year-old Iosif was among the recruits sent to a military in-



duction office in the city of Kurgan and from there dispatched to the active forces.

Life at the front had an unfortunate beginning for Louif. Seriously wounded in one of the first battles he lay for two days in a shell-hole. At last the burial squad found him and carried to the dressing station. He was then evacuated to a hospital. And that was how Louif found himself in Finland, not far from Petrograd.

Soldiers convalescent from their wounds have ample time to brood open what is going on around them. Why had the war begun? It would be wrong to assert that all soldiers condemned the war in those days. No, many of them really believed that they were defending their faith and interests, defending holy Russia from the hateful German enemy. Those who sought to conceal the true imperialist nature of the war played upon these feelings. But there already were some among the soldiers whose eyes had been opened and who were under the influence of the Bolsheviks. They saw the war in a colour quite different from that in which it was presented by official propaganda. Private Louif Makovsky was one of those who had grasped the true nature of the war, and he sought to open the eyes of his soldier friends to this fact. Back in the days of the secret meetings on the banks of the Dnieper he had first heard of the predatory policy pursued by the tsarist government. Now he learned that the policy of Germany, Austro-Hungary and of the other belligerents was of the same nature. So the war was unjust on both sides, its aim was seizure of foreign territories and subjugation of other nations. Makovsky understood this though he was not always successful in putting the idea convincingly to others. And he had no answer to the question--what was to be done? Like many others he thought that an ordinary soldier was just a grain of sand in the big storm, powerless to halt the march of events.

The army was supplied with increasing numbers of motor vehicles and armoured cars. There was a demand for drivers. There were not many among the mass of soldiers at that time who knew how to handle a motor-car. So, when it turned out that Private Makovsky had at one time driven a motor vehicle, immediately after his recovery he was sent to an advanced training school for army drivers in Petershoff, near Petrograd. The school's repair mechanics were workers from the Putilov plant famed for its revolutionary traditions. From his talks with them Iosif became even more imbued with the ideas of the Bolsheviki. Gradually he found an answer to the question—what was to be done. Upon graduating from the school Makovsky was assigned to a military unit.

The now well-known city and port of Daugavpils on the River Western Dvina, at the junction of the railroad routes from Leningrad to Warsaw and from Riga to Smolensk, then bore the name of Dvinsk. It was a fortress town; it was near that town that the Russian Army stopped the German advance in September 1915. Makovsky was sent there as Private of His Majesty's 64th Separate Heavy Artillery Battalion—an armoured car driver. The battalion was part of the 19th Corps of the 5th Army of the Northern Front.

Service in this unit played a particularly important part in Makovsky's life. Here he became fully imbued with revolutionary ideas and joined a group of Bolshevik supporters. He often had to go to the motor-repair shops in the rear where there was an active underground organization of the Social-Democratic Labour Party. Makovsky talked to the Bolshevik workers and never returned empty-handed—leaflets began to appear in the sub-units, and from these the soldiers learned the true aims of the war. More often were heard words like: revolution, civil war, proletarian solidarity, socialism.



The Dvinsk sector of the Northern Front became a headache to the command. The influence of the Bolsheviks there was quite considerable. And it became even stronger when rumours of unrest and disturbances in the capital reached the soldiers.

The "disorders" in Petrograd (this was the term used in police reports) started on International Women's Day—February 23, 1917 (March 8, new style). Street demonstrations took place. The women were particularly active. They arranged meetings, raided bread shops, went to factories and workshops, calling upon the workers to stop work and turn out into the streets. A storm of rage swept over the city. This day has gone down in the history of the country as the day on which the second Russian revolution began.

Developments on the following day were even stormier. More than half of the workers of the capital went out on strike. "Down with the tsar", "Down with the war"! These demands had become universal. On February 25, over three hundred thousand workers were taking part in political strikes.

The soldiers at the front were interested in how the army was taking the developments, for a rather large garrison was stationed in the capital. One day in early March Makovsky was alone with a headquarters clerk who confidentially told him of the important talks conducted by the authorities over the telephone. Apparently there had been several cases of soldiers helping the workers instead of interfering with the demonstrators who were fighting the police in Petrograd. Leaflets with appeals to the soldiers appeared in the barracks. At first several regiments, and then almost the whole garrison went over to the side of the people. Participants of the uprising captured arsenals and warehouses, occupied government buildings, arrested ministers and burst into prisons to set free political prisoners.

The revolution was victorious. Tsarism had fallen.

The Command of the 5th Army attempted to keep news of the overthrow of the autocratic tsarist government from the ranks. But this could not long remain concealed. Rumours spread, and the officers were compelled to inform the soldiers of what had happened. The most progressive-minded soldiers received the news with an enthusiasm shared by some of the officers. Everybody was anxious for the details. At last the Petrograd newspapers arrived. A group of artillerymen gathered round Makovsky. Leaning against the side of an armoured car he read aloud the *Pravda* report describing the course of events during the February Revolution. Other soldiers joined them.

"Strikes have broken out in Petrograd," Makovsky retold the late-comers. "The workers have walked out into the streets demanding 'down with the war'! And when the police tried to prevent the demonstration the workers stoned them compelling them to retreat and to hide. Order in the city is being maintained by military patrols."

"Cars with armed soldiers riding across the city," Makovsky went on reading, "were met with hurrahs. All of them were decorated with red flags, some of them, rendering services to the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party, bore the red-letter sign 'RSDLP'. Soon red ribbons appeared in the buttonholes and on the hats of most citizens and on the bayonets of the soldiers' rifles. Red flags were unfurled on some houses."

As Makovsky was reading and making his comments the officers kept apart from the group. Then they came up to the armoured car. Some approved of what the agitator did, others looked at him with hatred. However, they did not dare do anything—they knew well of an incident in one of the neighbouring regiments where the "lower ranks" had



made short shrift of those officers who had opposed the Revolution.

The war in Europe had been raging for over two years. Thirty-eight countries with a population of over one thousand five hundred million people had been drawn into it. The socialists of Germany, Great Britain and of several other countries had taken up a chauvinistic position with regard to the war. They defended the imperialistic policies of their governments thereby betraying the interests of the working people. The Mensheviks in Russia also became social chauvinists. They supported the Russian bourgeoisie who sought to achieve their aggressive aims under the slogan of 'defence of the Motherland'. The other parties, the Constitutional Democrats (the Cadets) and the Socialist-Revolutionaries (the Esers), had adopted a similar stand. These were bourgeois parties and they fought staunchly for the interests of their masters. There was only one party in Russia which told the people the truth about the war and defended the interests of the masses of the people—the Party of the Communists-Bolsheviks.

Like most other class-conscious soldiers Iosif Makovsky realized that only this party was able to place in power those who created all the wealth by their own toil, put an end to the war, give land to the peasants and make the workers masters of the factories and plants, establish true freedom in the country. "My place is in the ranks of this party," Makovsky decided and announced his desire to become a Communist. On March 17, 1917, the party branch of the 19th Corps admitted him to membership in the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party.

His first party task was something he never forgot. This is the way he described it in his autobiography:

"Soon after the February Revolution a certain comrade Kuzmin and I were set a task by the Bolshevik faction of the

5th Army Party Committee—we were to do our best to rally around ourselves all the soldiers of our unit who sympathized with the Bolsheviks and organize them into military Red Guard detachments to rebuff the counter-revolution. We organized all the Bolshevik supporters of the 67th battalion into a Red Guard detachment and got rid of the Socialist-Revolutionaries. The battalion became one detachment.”

And this detachment was headed by Private Iosif Makovsky.

The army was seething. The wave of the Revolution was spreading to ever more regiments and divisions. The command's attempts to throw the troops into attacks against the Germans and thus to stifle the revolutionary upsurge ended in failure. The soldiers were determined to end the war. On June 23, 1917, General Brusilov, Supreme Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Forces, dispatched a telegramme to the Provisional Government: “The Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Front reports in a telegraph message that the morale of the 5th Army front sector soldiers is very bad and that because of agitation coming from the rear, mainly from Petrograd, many units refuse to take up positions and categorically oppose an offensive. Many units are seething with excitement, and in many regiments it is openly stated that there is no authority for them but Lenin.”

The Communist Makovsky propagated Bolshevik slogans among the masses of soldiers, and to him Lenin was indeed the greatest authority.

## FIRST MEETING WITH LENIN

■ Makovsky had often heard the name of Lenin at the meetings on the banks of the Dnieper, during talks with the



Putilov workers and during pre-revolutionary illegal May Day meetings. And now the name rang out like a tocsin calling for a fight for peace, freedom and land. If only he might see the man!

Quite unexpectedly Iosif's dream came true. Under the instruction of the Army Committee he went to Petrograd. Early in the morning of July 4, 1917, Makovsky walked slowly along the embankment of the Neva, watching with interest everything going on around him. A large crowd filled the street. One elderly worker, supported by two students, stood atop a garden fence waving the cap clutched in his hand and holding up to shame the enemies of the Revolution who were entrenched in the Provisional Government. Fresh columns of workers and soldiers kept coming up to join the crowd. Everywhere short meetings took place sporadically. Suddenly a boy's voice called out:

"The Kronstadt sailors are coming!"

At this moment Makovsky was approaching a beautiful large mansion in which, as he learned later, the headquarters of the Bolsheviks was located.

Slowing down their pace in front of this mansion the sailors called for a speech from Lenin. They were informed that Lenin was unwell and could not make a speech. Exhausted from overstrain and constant lack of sleep, Lenin had been resting at a place near the Mustamyak station, on the Finland railroad. But when the situation in Petrograd had become sharper (demonstrations had been held the day before during which the workers and soldiers demanded the transfer of all power to the Soviets), he had returned to Petrograd in the morning of July 4. On learning that Lenin was not feeling well and could not address them the sailors then asked that he should at least show himself to them.

Makovsky was among the sailors. Later he told of the first impression that Lenin had made on him as he appeared

on the balcony. Short of stature, simply dressed, friendly and, to all appearances, very tired, he smiled and, leaning on the balcony railing, made a short speech. Expressing confidence that the slogan "All power to the Soviets!" would triumph, Lenin called on the demonstrators to be res-trained, staunch and vigilant. At that period the Bolshevik Party was against an armed uprising, considering it to be premature.

"All power to the Soviets!" This slogan reflected the situation obtained in the country after the overthrow of tsarism. There were two authorities formed: the bourgeois Provisional Government, on the one hand, and the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, on the other. For some time both bodies were even located in the same building—the Tavrichesky Palace—the Soviet occupying the left wing and the Provisional Government the right one.

The Soviet enjoyed the support of the people and had every opportunity of becoming the sole and sovereign organ of power. But there were Mensheviks and Socialist Revolutionaries among its leaders who wavered and lacked determination. Nor had the bourgeoisie abandoned its efforts to take full power into its own hands, to restore the old order of things and, above all, to continue the war "to a victorious end". The revolutionary workers were fully determined to prevent this from happening. They, therefore, demanded the transfer of all power to the Soviets. This meant doing away with the dual power and establishing the indivisible genuine power of the people in the country. It was under this slogan that the July demonstration was carried out. "Down with the capitalist ministers!", "Bread, peace and freedom!" was written on the banners carried by the demonstrators.

Makovsky joined one of the columns marching to the Tavrichesky Palace. The demonstrators crossed the Neva along the Troitsky Bridge, passed the Field of Mars and



went along Sadovaya Street. . .

Suddenly shooting broke out. The fire came from counter-revolutionaries concealed in the upper stories of houses, on roofs and in garrets. Several people fell and were at once carried away for first aid. But the provocateurs were unable to stop the columns of marchers. The demonstration continued. It reached the famous Nevsky Prospekt and then Liteiny Prospekt. . . Here the Cossacks deployed field guns for use against the demonstrators. From an ambush on Liteiny Prospekt came machine-gun fire. Makovsky felt a burning pain in his leg. This was so unexpected that he crunched for a moment. But he immediately straightened up and made an effort to go further. But unable to proceed he was taken to a near-by archway where a girl dressed his wound.

Later, in a hospital, Makovsky learned what had happened that day and on subsequent days. The peaceful demonstration had been attacked by the order of the counter-revolutionary Provisional Government. Thus the dual power ended and with it the peaceful period of the Revolution.

Early in the morning of July 3 the editorial office of the Bolshevik *Pravda* was raided and smashed up. Mass arrests, pogroms and searches were launched. The Provisional Government issued a warrant for the arrest of Lenin. The Bolshevik Party went underground and began to train and prepare the masses for an armed uprising.

The reactionaries launched a vile campaign against Lenin. In every way they tried to inflame the people with the monstrous charge laid against him, that he was spying on behalf of Germany. Whoever shared Lenin's views and like Lenin demanded that the imperialist war should be turned into a civil war, was declared an enemy spy. The military command intensified reprisals against revolutionary-minded soldiers. Soon after rejoining his unit Makovsky was arrested. He was threatened with a court-martial from which he

could hardly expect anything good.

The reader may remember the above-mentioned telegramme of the Supreme Commander-in-Chief who had also urgently requested that commissars of the Provisional Government be despatched to Dvinsk "in order to wage counter-propaganda against the agitation carried out by overt and covert agitators of the Lenin trend".

One of the agitators of the Lenin trend who had come from the very midst of the people and knew their needs was the soldier Iosif Makovsky. Answering a questionnaire—Were you ever arrested as a result of persecution?—he wrote, "In 1917, after the July demonstration, under Kerensky, I was imprisoned in the Dvinsk Fortress for being a Leninist."

The intense atmosphere in the 5th Army of the Northern Front reached a climax. The soldiers refused to take the offensive. They replied to the mass arrests of Bolshevik agitators by killing the reactionary officers. Banning the circulation of the Bolshevik newspapers *Pravda*, *Soldatskaya Pravda* and *Okopnaya Pravda* did not yield the results desired by the military authorities—through a variety of channels information reached the soldiers concerning the situation in Petrograd and other cities, the disturbances in the villages, and the reign of terror established by the rulers of the country. On August 28, four hundred revolutionary soldiers imprisoned in the Dvinsk Fortress adopted a resolution in which they castigated those who had set up an arbitrary rule similar to that of Tsar Nicholas. They demanded their release from prison, threatening a hunger-strike, if this was not done. The protests became increasingly resolute. Yielding to the pressure of the incensed soldiers the military authorities were compelled to release the prisoners.

On gaining his freedom Makovsky set to work with renewed vigour. Back in March, together with the soldier Kuz-



man, he had organized a Red Guard detachment in his battalion. These revolutionary detachments of workers and soldiers, set up after the overthrow of the autocratic government, were a mainstay in the Bolsheviks' fight for power. After the July events the detachment had been disbanded. It was now organized once again by the Communists. At meetings and in ordinary talks with the soldiers Makovsky explained that the Provisional Government was striving to prolong the slaughter of the war. He denounced the conciliatory policy of the Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries.

Everybody was tired of the war. The Bolshevik slogan "End the War!", "Power to the People!", "Land to the Peasants!" were close and dear in the hearts of every soldier. Almost the entire personnel of the battalions supported the Bolsheviks.

"The fighting detachment of the Red Guard is ready to fulfil any task!" Makovsky reported to the chairman of the **Army Committee**.

That was on the eve of the October armed uprising in Petrograd.

The "soldiers' telegraph" worked smoothly. It was from each other rather than from any official source that the soldiers at the front learned about the events in the capital. One happened to meet a fellow villager returning from a hospital, another "quite by chance" happened to overhear a conversation between two well-informed officers, a third received a letter from Petrograd sent through somebody.

August brought the alarming news of General Kornilov's intention to disband the Soviet and, as he put it, "hang all the members of the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies." But a few days later the happy news of the rout of the counter-revolutionary Kornilov conspiracy was passed from mouth to mouth as was the news of the setting-up of

new Red Guard detachments and growth of the Bolsheviks' influence. Ever more often, first softly, and then much louder, people began to talk of armed uprising and overthrowing the power of the bourgeoisie. The Provisional Government was not popular with the soldiers. Its representatives who called for a continuation of the war were jeered and shouted down.

On October 24, the events in Petrograd came to a head. Having learned that the Bolsheviks were preparing an armed uprising the counter-revolutionaries decided to forestall them. On the night of October 24, they raided the printshop of the newspaper *Workers' Path* (this was then the name of *Pravda*.) Their next task was to raid Smolny, the headquarters of the Central and Petrograd Party Committees, and of the Petrograd Soviet and Revolutionary Military Committee. They had a very clearly defined aim—to decapitate the Revolution.

But the Bolsheviks were on the alert. On their orders the Petrograd workers and revolutionary-minded soldiers rose in defence of the revolution. "Launch an immediate and resolute offensive!" came Lenin's appeal. "Arrest the Provisional Government!"

By the morning of October 25, the entire capital was, in fact, controlled by the forces of the Revolution. The Red Guard detachments took over the central telephone exchange, the railway stations, the central post office and the electric power plant. In an appeal "To Citizens of Russia" (the text was written by Lenin) the Revolutionary Military Committee informed the people of the overthrow of the Provisional Government. True, this government was still sitting in the Winter Palace but its fate had already been decided.

In the afternoon of October 25, an extraordinary session of the Petrograd Soviet heard the following words of Lenin:



"From now on, a new phase in the history of Russia begins and this, the third Russian revolution, should in the end lead to the victory of socialism."

In the evening the insurgents encircled the Winter Palace. "Surrender!" they demanded in the ultimatum to the Provisional Government. But there came no reply. Then resounded the deafening blank shot from the cruiser *Aurora*. This was the signal for the beginning of the storm. A few hours later the Red Guards and revolutionary soldiers and sailors burst into the Winter Palace. The Bolshevik V. A. Antonov-Ovseyenko, a member of the Revolutionary Military Committee, informed the ministers of what the people already knew—the Provisional Government had been deposed. Escorted by sailors the former ministers marched to the Petropavlovskaya Fortress. Kerensky was the only one who had managed to escape to the Northern front area early in the morning. And as the American journalist Albert Rhys Williams, who was in Smolny during those historic hours, put it: "The Soviets became a government."

The details of the developments in the capital later became known to Iosif Makovsky and his brother-soldiers. But the news of the transfer of power in the centre and in the provinces into the hands of the Soviets of Workers', Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies reached them immediately over the telegraph. This was followed by another piece of good news. The Second All-Russia Congress of Soviets, held in Petrograd, passed the first revolutionary decrees: on peace and on land. The supreme body of the people's power of new Russia declared that Russia renounced all aggressive treaties and proposed that all belligerent countries and governments start immediate negotiations and conclude a general, just and democratic peace treaty without annexations or indemnities. The Decree on Peace declared the war to be "the greatest crime against humanity".

The landlords' land is confiscated without any compensation, and all of it passes into the hands of the people—the Decree on Land proclaimed.

These historic acts of the state received the universal approval of the workers and peasants in soldiers' uniforms.

"We've had enough of the war! Time to stop the lice feeding on us in the trenches!" the soldiers exclaimed at their meetings. "Now we go home to build a new life!"

But the soldiers could not immediately return to their families. It was dangerous to leave the front open, and within the country counter-revolution was raising its head.

## IN SIBERIA

■ "In May 1918, while on a mission in Siberia I was cut off from my detachment by the mutinous Cossacks and Czechoslovaks. I had to remain in the underground under the White Socialist-Revolutionaries and Czechs until August. On August 26, 1918, we rose against them. . ."

This is what Iosif Makovsky wrote in his personal questionnaire which has been preserved in the archives of Zaporozhye.

Siberia! Not every person can visualize its vastness. It stretches from the Ural mountain range in the west to the Pacific coast in the east, from the Arctic Ocean in the north to the Kazakhstan steppes and the Mongolian border in the south.

And across this vast expanse of territory the old order was being smashed. On October 28, 1917, three days after the armed uprising in Petrograd, Soviet power triumphed in Krasnoyarsk and then in Omsk, Yeniseisk, Irkutsk, Tomsk, Novonikolayevsk. . . But the forces defending the old order



were tenacious and there were frequent cases of sabotage and direct counter-revolutionary attacks against the Soviets.

It was in that stormy period of the rise of Soviet power that the special detachment commanded by Makovsky went to Siberia. Its aim was to fight the counter-revolution and render assistance to the local Communists in establishing bodies of Soviet power.

This was the second time Iosif Makovsky had come to Siberia since the outbreak of the war. The first time was to visit his family during a short furlough in April 1917.

Ten months had passed and the soldier Makovsky again found himself in that part of the country from which he had been mobilized and sent to the front. But now he was a soldier of a new army.

In early 1918, the situation in Siberia was complicated. The capitalists and landlords overthrown by the October Revolution would not reconcile themselves to the loss of their former power. The mainstay of the counter-revolution were the kulaks, well-to-do peasants who exploited their fellow villagers. The kulaks had much land and they hired poor and middle peasants to cultivate it. These "batraki", or farm-labourers, toiled from early morning till late at night and for their work received such a miserable share of what they produced that they had barely enough to keep from starvation. The kulaks owned trading establishments and undertakings for processing farm produce. They were also usurers. "The kulaks are the most brutal, callous and savage exploiters who in the history of other countries have time and again restored the power of the landowners, tsars, priests and capitalists"—this is how Lenin defined the kulaks.

After the October Revolution a wave of kulak minorities against the Soviet regime swept all of Russia. The kulaks were hiding the grain, sabotaging its delivery to the famine-stricken areas of the country. One of the main tasks set to

Makovsky's detachment was to send as much food as possible to the industrial centres.

The commander of the detachment acted by persuasion. He explained the policy of the Bolshevik Party to the poor and middle peasants urging them not to be afraid of opposing the kulaks who were the backbone of the counter-revolution. At peasants' meetings he spoke about the starving workers of Moscow, Petrograd and other cities, he appealed to the peasants to sell their surplus foodstuffs to these workers. As to the kulaks, who would rather have the grain and other foodstuffs rot than share them with the starving people, he resorted to compulsion in dealing with them, using all the power granted to him by the central authorities.

"The fight for bread is the fight for socialism,"—these words of Lenin were deeply ingrained in the young Communist's consciousness. The season for sowing was approaching and, uncertain as to the fate of the crops, many peasants hesitated whether to start sowing or not. And if they were to start sowing, how much should they sow? But the country was threatened with famine and the Party demanded that all the sown areas should be used. Siberia had become particularly important because the Ukraine and other grain-yielding areas had remained beyond the demarcation line established by the Brest Treaty.

In those spring days of 1918, in whatever village Iosif Makovsky found himself he would talk to the peasants about sowing. He tried to convince them that their toil would not be wasted, he appealed to the conscience and humaneness of the Russian who would not leave his starving brothers in the lurch.

The Communist Makovsky took pride and delight in each rural Soviet set up as a result of his efforts and in each acre of the fertile Siberian land sown to grain...

The position of the young Soviet Republic was indeed



very grave. A ring of foreign interventionists had encircled revolutionary Russia. On March 9, 1918, British and French troops landed in Murmansk. Later American troops arrived. On April 5, the Japanese landed in Vladivostok, followed by the Americans and then the British. And almost immediately the White Guard counter-revolutionary bands that had been lying low in Siberia and the Far East, as in many other parts of the country, raised their heads.

No sooner was one war over—the imperialist war, then another war began—the Civil War. The Brest Peace Treaty, despite its most unjust and burdensome stipulations, meant an end of the war and a respite so indispensable to start the construction of socialism and strengthen the recently created Red Army. But that was just what the imperialists of the West would not permit. The example of the Russian workers and peasants who had taken power into their own hands was a vivid illustration of the fact that the oppressed, if united and headed by a militant revolutionary party, can once and for all set themselves free from age-long slavery. That was why the imperialists spared no effort and resorted to all possible means to destroy the "germ of Bolshevism".

The interventionists placed much hope in the Czechoslovak Corps which had raised a mutiny on their direct orders. Where had this corps come from and what had actually happened?

During the First World War many Czechs and Slovaks were drafted into the Austro-Hungarian Army which fought as an ally of Germany. But many of them did not want to fight together with those who oppressed them and thousands had surrendered to the Russian Army. The Entente Powers decided to use them in the war against Germany and Austro-Hungary. With this end in view the Czechoslovak Corps was formed. By the autumn of 1917, it was fifty thousand strong. But the command had not sent this Corps to the

front prior to the October Revolution. And after the Revolution this was out of the question. And so it remained in Russia. The Czechs and Slovaks were eager to go home and the Soviet Government decided to give them such an opportunity. In accordance with the agreement between the Council of People's Commissars of the Russian Republic and the Czechoslovak National Council of March 26, 1918, the prisoners of war and deserters from the Austro-Hungarian Army were to be evacuated from Russia via Vladivostok "as a group of free private citizens but not as military units". The men of the Corps were put onto troop-trains which by May 1918 stretched from Penza to Vladivostok. On the troop-trains anti-Soviet propaganda was conducted. The Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries as well as officers of the American Red Cross and the American, British and French consuls called for an armed attack against the Soviets, promising financial and other support. The Czech and Slovak soldiers were deceived and incited to a counter-revolutionary mutiny.

On May 25, 1918, the rebels took over the Chelyabinsk railway station, seized the city, removed the local authorities and, in response to a demand that they disarm, opened fire on the Red Army troops. The mutiny spread to Penza, Samara (now Kuibyshev), Yekaterinburg (now Sverdlovsk), Kurgan, Novonikolayevsk (now Novosibirsk), Omsk and other cities. The entire Siberian railway was in the hands of the Czechs.

A considerable number of the Czech and Slovak workers and peasants in soldiers' uniforms were pro-Soviet. And in the course of two months—March and April 1918—more than six thousand of them went over to the side of the Red Army. Three thousand more did so as soon as the mutiny began. In all nearly twelve thousand Czechs and Slovaks fought in the ranks of the Red Army during the Civil War.



"It is not the Czechoslovaks, but their counter-revolutionary officers who are hostile to the Soviet government," said Lenin.

The mutiny of the Czechoslovak Corps was to be the signal for action by the kulaks and Socialist-Revolutionaries on the Volga and in Siberia. And indeed, the White Guards and kulaks, as well as the landlords, factory-owners, officers of the tsarist army and high-ranking officials who had escaped to Siberia from the central parts of the country and had been lying low, now became active.

Cut off from his detachment as a result of the mutiny, Makovsky did not lose heart and did not lay down his arms. He went into hiding in order to rouse the poor peasants to a fight against the counter-revolution. Soon he turned up near the regions inhabited by Ukrainian settlers. The Pavlodar district was then part of the Semipalatinsk region. On January 21, 1918, Soviet power was established there. "From this day the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies has assumed all power in governing the city and the region which has become part of the Russian Soviet Federative Republic," the Regional Executive Committee had written in its message to the population.

And now everything was smashed. The White Guard Provisional Government of Siberia, set up in Omsk, repealed all the decrees of Soviet power and dissolved the Soviets. Communists and their supporters from among the most active workers and peasants were shot. Punitive detachments burst into villages and towns, plundering, beating up innocent people, raping women.

There were rather few underground Communist fighters in Siberian villages then. Hence the significant role of the Petrograd and Moscow workers as well as the sailors who were members of special detachments. All those who be-

lieved that only the Bolsheviks could give the people peace, freedom and land, rallied round these detachments.

In the Pavlodar and Slavgorod districts the underground Communists were particularly active. With each passing day the resistance of the peasants who were indignant at the plundering and violence of the White Guards and at the constant requisitions grew stronger. The new regime demanded not only payment of current taxes but also the arrears for previous years. The last straw was the announcement ordering the mobilization of young people into the White Guard Army, published by the Siberian Provisional Government.

The World War had been on for four years. Many peasants had not yet returned home from the front and hundreds and thousands would never return. And now again the nineteen-year-old young men were to be taken away. For what purpose? To fight the Red Army and the partisans, in other words the people.

"Recruits are to report at the assembly point in Slavgorod on September 4" was the order of Captain Kirzhayev, Commander of the Slavgorod Garrison. Failure to appear was to be punished by court-martial.

But this threat did not frighten the peasants. The closer came the day of mobilization, the stronger grew the peasants' protest. "This order is illegal!", "We will not obey the authorities who go against the people!" they declared at their meetings.

The village of Cherny Dol became the centre of resistance. The inhabitants of this large village situated on the road to Slavgorod would not let their own young men or even recruits from other villages go to the assembly point. And repeatedly there were meetings of protest against the violence, requisitions and unlawful orders of the reactionary Siberian Government.

The time was ripe for an armed uprising. "Arm yourselves



with whatever you have!"—hundreds of poor peasants and some middle peasants answered this appeal. But what was one to arm himself with?

The headquarters of the uprising, headed by P. I. Fessenko, which had been elected the day before formed the insurgents into five detachments. One of the detachment headquarters had as its chief the Bolshevik Makovik who was now an experienced fighter hardened in battle though still young. He is an imposing figure on horseback, dressed in leather trousers, a leather jacket and a leather cap, inspecting his forces. They are a mixed and excited group, including beardless young men and bearded elderly peasants. Some have leather boots on, but most wear bast shoes or boots made of cloth. Their clothes are patched up trousers and shirts covered by multi-coloured *armyaki*, the peasants' cloth coats. Some two dozen rifles can be seen above the heads of the peasants. The rest are armed with spears, pitchforks, axes, spades and wooden stakes. With such weapons in hand the peasants rose to the defence of their Soviet power!

The most powerful weapon of that insurgent army was their wrath at violence and injustice, their fury against those who sought to keep the people intimidated and enslaved. And thus the insurgents marched on the enemy. On the night of September 2, they surrounded Slavygorod and attacked its garrison. Many White Guards were killed, those remaining alive made off in the direction of the Burla railway station and Bolshoye Yarovoye Lake.

How did it happen that the Slavygorod Garrison was caught off guard? Could Captain Kirzhayev and his associates have been ignorant of the unrest in Cherny Dol situated only eight kilometres from the town? Of course, they were convinced that the peasants would get together, argue noisily for a while, and then return home.

It never occurred to the White Guards armed with rifles, machine-guns and artillery that the unarmed peasants would have the courage to attack them. But they did have this courage, they came out and captured the district centre. It is not in vain that people say: "Courage overcomes all obstacles."

The insurgents released the Bolsheviks and Soviet officials from prison. All power in Slavgorod and the Slavgorod district went over to the hands of the Insurgents' Revolutionary Military Headquarters. One of its appeals to the population said:

"Comrades, peasants and workers! Realize, that only by uniting our forces can we overthrow the hateful officers, officials and other henchmen of the Siberian Provisional Government which had as its aim the restoration of the old order of things as it was under the Romanoff dynasty. Despite all kinds of pressure resorted to by the Siberian Provisional Government we see that the Russian peasant and worker are fully determined to defend the freedom they have won to the last drop of their blood. Send armed and unarmed people with your deputy to set up the power of peasants and workers."

This appeal found response in the neighbouring farmsteads and villages. Hope for the restoration of Soviet power arose in the hearts of the people. But in those days this hope was not yet to be realized. . .

To settle the question of establishing power and map out plans for further armed struggle the Revolutionary Military Headquarters announced the convocation of the Slavgorod District Congress of Soviets. The opening of the Congress was fixed for September 12.

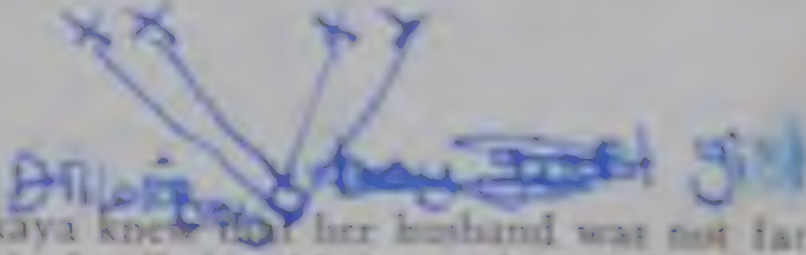
But the enemy was not asleep. Captain Kirzhayev and a number of other White Guard officers, who had managed to



escape from Slavgorod held by the insurgents, sped to the nearest town from where they reported the uprising to the Omsk authorities. On September 9, galloping horses carried into Cherny Dol a detachment commanded by the Cossack ataman Annenkov who was notorious for his ferocity. On the following day, heading three hundred crack cut-throats, Annenkov burst into Slavgorod.

The forces were unequal, though the insurgents far outnumbered the punitive detachment. How could the pitchfork and the axe possibly triumph over the rifle, the machine-gun and the cannon? The punitive detachment shot, hanged and whipped to death inhabitants of the town and neighbouring villages. In a most brutal manner they did away with the delegates to the District Congress of Soviets. Over four hundred people were killed on the first day. The thugs of the punitive detachment burnt down to ashes the village of Cherny Dol and a number of other villages. For many kilometres the steppe was strewn with the bodies of people tortured to death. But the greater the atrocities committed by the White Guard punitive forces the greater the hatred for them among the people. And even those who formerly had treated the Soviets with distrust now became their supporters.

## THE PRISON



■ Yefimia Makovskaya knew that her husband was not far off several times he had called at his house during the night so as to avoid meeting the kulaks but she did not know exactly where. And when she first heard the rumour of the uprising in Slavgorod she was convinced that her Louis was there.

Makovsky had managed to escape from Slavgorod and

there was a search on for him. Twice White Guard bands raided the village where his family lived.

They threatened Makovsky's father and wife with guns, questioned them and searched the house. . .

Two months passed and winter came bringing its cold and frost. Makovsky was in need of warm clothes and he decided to steal into his house secretly. One night he did so, but a moment later a shadow flitted past—that of an informer, who hastened to let the members of the punitive detachment know that the Bolshevik they had been looking for had turned up.

Towards morning the house was surrounded by Cossacks.

That sad day remained forever in the memory of Makovsky's wife. Although nearly half a century has passed she remembers the most minute details of what happened.

There were some twenty horsemen. A number of them dismounted and burst into the house.

It was too late to escape. Iosif had just managed to thrust his bare feet into high boots. The Cossacks pounced upon him and began to lash him with riding-crops and to beat him with rifle-butts.

"What are you doing, you murderers! Treating an unarmed man so outrageously!" his father interceded. This did not deter the Cossacks, but rather increased their rage. The leader of the "operation" Lieutenant Yevdokimov struck Makovsky senior on the face, and when the latter fell to the ground, the lieutenant put his sabre into the man's mouth saying:

"All right, now, shout a little more."

Iosif attacked the Cossacks, but they pinioned his arms and dragged him into the courtyard still unclothed.

Yefimia's heart-rending cries of sorrow and anguish resounded over the waking village. Holding her baby in one



arm she snatched a sheepskin coat and ran after the men who were dragging her husband to a cart. But a tall Cossack pushed her away. . .

Makovsky was taken to the volost centre and from there to the Pavlodar prison. For two days the almost naked man was driven through the bitter frost. When at last they arrived at the prison and untied the rope with which he was bound, Iosif was unable to get off the cart—his feet were frost-bitten. He was then dragged to a cell and thrown upon the cold floor.

Two of the inmates put the newcomer on some rags covering the floor and with difficulty pulled off his boots, taking pieces of skin off his feet in the process. While one of them was bandaging Makovsky's feet with the shirt he had torn for that purpose, the other rubbed his hands, cheeks and nose.

Several days later Yefimia arrived in Pavlodar to look for her husband. After considerable difficulty she obtained permission to see him. The sight of Iosif on the ice-cold dirty floor, his mouth awry and his face covered with clotted blood, brought a flow of tears.

She rushed to the house where she had put up, poured hot water into a basin, took soap and clean rags and hurried back to prison. She washed off the clotted blood and bandaged his wounds. The warder watching the scene made a gesture of resignation with his hand: "Ah, well, why bother with taking care of him, the man might as well be considered dead."

But Makovsky did not die. For several days he was in a sort of trance, then slowly he began to come to himself. It turned out there were some acquaintances among the prisoners—inhabitants of Cherny Dol and some near-by villages. They fell to talking. Everybody was depressed, some had lost heart completely.

"Ours is a lost cause; there won't be any Soviet power in Siberia," one of them said in a despondent voice.

"Never say die," Makovsky retorted. "The reign of the White Guard pack on the Siberian soil will be short-lived. What are their ideas? Plundering and violence. But the Bolsheviks gave the people land, peace and freedom. The people will support the Bolsheviks. We shall yet settle a score for everything!"

Even in the prison cell the Communist Makovsky instilled confidence in the hearts of people and called for struggle.

Klimenty Tipalov who happened to be in the same cell was impressed by the staunchness of the man. Tipalov recalled this feature and in his memoirs forty years later he wrote:

"I have lived in Pavlodar since 1910. I met Makovsky in 1918 in the Pavlodar prison, during the rule of Kolchak. He was charged with being a Bolshevik. In August 1918, an anti-Kolchak peasants' uprising started in the town of Slavgorod. The uprising spread to our Pavlodar district. Makovsky organized the revolutionary headquarters of the uprising. The uprising was suppressed and Makovsky was seized and thrown into prison where I was also an inmate at the time. I was charged with serving in the Red Guard in 1918 and with defending the Pavlodar Soviet of Deputies from the attack of the White Guards that same year. The Red Guard detachment was routed by the White Guard troops. I was captured and thrown into prison.

"While in prison, Makovsky conducted active propaganda among the prison inmates. He was firmly convinced that our cause was the right one, that the Red Army would come back and that our cause would triumph."

When the prison authorities were informed about Makovsky's "seditious speeches" he was summoned for an in-



terrogation. He was beaten until he lost consciousness, then put in irons and thrown into a solitary cell. They did not kill him only because they hoped to obtain information from him about the underground.

Nor was the family of the Makovskys left in peace.

His younger brother Leonid later wrote in his memoirs:

"Our family was subjected to numerous searches, interrogations and beatings by the Pavlodar White Guard intelligence service. My brother and I were beaten with ramrods and lashes. In the village of Byelotserkovka the White Guard police-officer Strokun put me into a cold basement three times in an attempt to get me to tell him whether all my brothers were Bolsheviks."

News of the brave sallies of the guerrillas and of the Red Army offensive against the Kolchak troops penetrated through the prison walls. From one of the prison guards Makovsky learned that, shocked by what had happened on the day of the son's arrest, his father had fallen ill. He was never to recover and died on May 3, 1919.

...November 7, 1919... The second anniversary of the October Revolution. Iosif imagined the processions of rejoicing people with red banners in the streets of Petrograd, Moscow and thousands of other towns and villages while he was in the dark damp cell and would probably never see daylight again... He grew despondent and heavy of heart. This mood lasted for but a moment. Rising up, as if throwing off some weight, he whispered:

"It isn't true, they won't beat us. We will still have our day."

Meanwhile the Red Army troops were coming nearer to Pavlodar. When it became clear to the White Guards that they must take to their heels the Commandant Colonel Solyanikov ordered the annihilation of the prisoners.

Chief warder Rozhkov called them out one by one. The

victim, his eyes bandaged, was pushed off the steps and stabbed with bayonets.

Recalling those horrible moments Iosif told his wife:

"Some twenty people had been taken out before me. There was a married couple among them. The wife wore a white dress. When I was pushed into the prison guards' room the bandage covering my eyes slid off a bit. I saw people lying on the floor and was especially struck by the fact that the woman's dress was not white, but red.

"You won't kill off everybody!" Makovsky cried. "You shall pay with your own blood for the blood of the people!"

Two bayonets were thrust into his back almost simultaneously, then into his sides and abdomen. He fell face forward. He lost consciousness and must have uttered a groan, for one of the guards sprang up and struck him several times with a rifle butt.

Half-conscious, Makovsky heard cries and groaning. Then everything was quiet.

He lay there motionless, clenching his teeth. He must not utter a sound, not a groan, or else they will finish him off. He tried to open his eyes, but suddenly began to fall as if down a precipice.

He regained consciousness two days later. Only half-awake he heard the words:

"They are here. Come into this cell, comrades."

Makovsky could neither stir nor open his mouth to cry out.

"Comrade Commander, there are thirty-five corpses here," a young Red Army man reported to his superior. The Red Army men who entered the room took off their caps and stood in silence with heads bent. It was very still. Suddenly they heard a feeble groan.

"Some one is still alive!"

Three men had remained alive—Makovsky, Tipalov and



Nikolayev. Carefully they were carried out of the prison, put on carts and taken to a hospital. . .

As soon as Yefimia Makovskaya heard of the liberation of Pavlodar by the Red Army she went there. With difficulty she made her way along the snow-covered streets, in some places the snow-drifts were as high as the roofs of small houses. "Soviet power has come!"—the happy news went from mouth to mouth. Yefimia rushed to the prison and from there to the hospital.

"It was only after I gave the doctor my word of honour that I wouldn't cry that he allowed me to see my husband," she recalls. "When I saw him all covered with bandages my eyes grew dim and I can't remember how I left the place. On the following day I rushed to the hospital again. And so for a whole month I assisted the doctor by acting as voluntary nurse for the entire ward."

"History of a Medical Case Resulting from White Guard Terror" was the title of a document issued to Makovsky later to certify what had happened to him on that tragic day of November 27, 1919. Here is the full text of this document:

"The bearer of this, Makovsky, Isid' Ivanovich, was chief of the peasants' and workers' headquarters of the insurgent Red Army in 1918. On August 26, he and his comrades headed the uprising in the Slavgorod and Pavlodar districts taking into their hands the above-mentioned two districts. This uprising was most brutally suppressed by the detachments commanded by Annenkov and Kravilnikov—the chief chastisers of the Siberian Constituent Assembly gang. Comrade Makovsky was captured after a two months' hunt for him and on November 7, 1918, was confined in the Pavlodar district prison.

"In accordance with articles 100, 102 and 108 of the Penal Code he was indicted for organizing an armed revolt and overthrowing the White Guard government. He served thir-

teen months in the said prison until the coming of Soviet troops. He was brutally stabbed with bayonets by the executioners of the retreating Dutov-Kolchak detachment on November 27, 1919, together with 35 other victims—Party and Soviet workers. Comrade Makovsky lay for two days among the corpses till the arrival of Soviet troops. On November 29, 1919, he was extracted from the pile of corpses by the soldiers of the 26th division of the 5th Soviet Army and transported from the prison to the Pavlodar district hospital with the following wounds: five wounds in the chest, four of them affecting the lungs, one wound in the abdomen without damaging the peritoneum, six wounds in the back and sides, not counting the wounds in the legs and arms.

“He was brought to the hospital in a conscious state and became unconscious on the following day. Temperature rose to 39 degrees Centigrade, developed left-side pleurisy. Remained in hospital till December 28, 1919. Recovered thanks to a good and strong constitution.

“At present has shooting pains in the chest and in the back and a pain in the right leg which to this time has not returned to its former state.

“Certified by the signatures and affixation of the Soviet and Party stamps.”

Six signatures follow—those of the chairman of the Pavlodar District Executive Committee, the chairman of the Party Committee, the chief of the local health department, the doctor and other members of the hospital staff.

Makovsky stayed in hospital only as long as the fight for his life went on. As soon as it became clear that death had been defeated he was discharged. It was then up to Yefimia to put him back on his feet. Until the spring she patiently and lovingly nursed her husband at home.

Did the horrible suffering that had fallen to Makovsky's lot break his will and induce him to seek a quiet, undis-



turbed life in the future? Quite the contrary. His sufferings had only hardened him. Without waiting for his wounds to heal he thrust himself into the thick of events.

The struggle in Siberia did not cease. Routed and defeated in open battle, the White Guards and bourgeois nationalists formed gangs of cut-throats, attacked Soviet activists from the rear and engaged in acts of sabotage.

Winter with its occasional morning frosts still lingered on, but the rays of the March sun became warmer and warmer. One day, early in spring, Iosif came to the Byeloberekovka Village Soviet and asked that he be given some task. The comrades sought to persuade him to stay at home for two more months, to restore his strength but he wouldn't hear of that.

Makovsky became chairman of the local revolutionary committee and then moved to Pavlodar where he became deputy chairman of the District Executive Committee. He took part in round-ups of terrorists, headed a detachment to suppress kulak mutinies and tracked down enemy spies. Once again his calling voice rang out at peasants' and workers' meetings.

The Soviets were being reinstated in the areas liberated from the White Guards. In the autumn delegates were elected to the First Congress of Soviets of the Semipalatinsk province. Makovsky was among those chosen by the inhabitants of Pavlodar as their representative to the Congress. In a speech at the Congress he urged that the task of sending grain to the famine-stricken areas of the country be fulfilled without fail.

The Congress lasted seven days. On November 17, it concluded its work by electing delegates to the Eighth All-Russia Congress of Soviets. Among the twelve delegates was Iosif Makovsky.

Three weeks remained before his departure for Moscow.

Yefimia was never so happy as when her husband came home. She had seen so little of him in recent months.

"Won't you stay at home and rest a little?"

"No time," was Iosif's short answer.

Three weeks left before his departure. Staying at home was out of the question! Again he made trips to various villages, held talks with the peasants about the situation in the country and about their duty to help the central provinces with grain. Makovsky was away from home even on the day when his third son was born.

The times were hard and the position of the young mother was hard, too. Added to that was the constant anxiety about her husband who had not recovered fully from the wounds inflicted by the Kolchakovites.

When things became especially difficult for Yefimia her husband's friends would lend a helping hand. It was so this time, too. On hearing of the addition to the Makovsky's family and knowing that the head of the family was away from home, one of the members of the Revolutionary Committee invited other friends of Iosif Makovsky to consult them how to help Yefimia. It was sort of a Party branch meeting. The first subject of discussion was what name to give the boy. Ten names were suggested and turned down for one or another reason. Finally decision was taken and in the morning a delegation appeared before Makovsky's wife.

"Receive your visitors, Yefimia!"

"Goodness, how many you are. . . Anything wrong?"

Yefimia knew that the situation in the district was not tranquil—shots were often fired at people. And each time Iosif left home she was terribly worried.

His friends hastily assured her that there was nothing wrong. They had received a message from Iosif the day before stating that he was doing fine and would turn up in



about a week. But they had come on very important business.

"You haven't given a name to the baby yet?" one of them asked.

"Not yet," Yefimia replied.

The name they were to suggest was unusual and the visitors were afraid Yefimia would not accept it. That was the reason why the oldest visitor began from afar.

"We'd like to suggest naming the boy after a historical person. Many years ago there lived a man whose name people will remember a hundred and even a thousand years from now. This man was a great fighter for the freedom of the slaves."

"What was his name?"

"Spartacus."

"Spartacus? I remember Iosif telling me something about him back in the days when we lived on the Dnieper."

"This man was a hero, Yefimia. And we have no doubt that your son will fight heroically for the happiness of the working people. Well, shall we give him that name?"

She did not answer at once, but thought over something for a while, then smiled and said softly:

"All right, I agree."

"And these are our presents. . ."

And they put on the table a beautiful china vase (this family relic has remained intact to this day), a tea-set and a special present from the women's section of the Party Committee—a baby's layette.

"And will Iosif approve of our giving the baby such a name?" one of the visitors asked in a whisper.

He needn't have had any doubts. On returning home and learning of the boy's birth and how Yefimia had named him Spartacus (Spartak was the way the name was pronounced

in Russian) upon the recommendation of his friends, he exclaimed:

"That's a swell idea! So be it!"

A few days later he left for Omsk where the Siberian delegates gathered for their trip to Moscow.

## DELEGATE TO THE CONGRESS OF SOVIETS

■ December, 1920. Until the middle of the month the newspapers still published reports of military operations. Those reports, however, had been the same: "Quiet on all fronts."

On the eve of the Congress *Izvestia* wrote in an editorial:

"The Soviet Republic has emerged victorious from the three-year struggle and will now start peaceful construction. The long awaited respite has come at last. It has been won thanks to the heroic efforts of the devoted sons of Soviet Russia and the sacrifices which, without hesitation, they offered at the altar of the liberation of the people."

Today a train will get the passenger from Omsk to Moscow in two days, but in those times it took the delegates a week to reach Moscow. At last they were in Moscow. The delegates alighted from the carriages—workers, peasants and soldiers carrying bundles, baskets or valises. In the square in front of the railway station cars were waiting for them.

"See what a welcome we get?" Makovsky said to his fellow-delegates. "They meet us as representatives of the people's power."

As the delegates arrived they were registered at Trade Union House. A delegate's mandate was issued to Iosif and with that he went to get his ration card.

During dinner the delegates make each other's acquaint-



tance, ask questions and tell of how peaceful life is starting in their respective parts of the country.

The spacious lobbies and halls of Trade Union House are filled with displays showing samples of the goods manufactured by the Soviet industry. This is the first industrial exhibition. On display are suitcases made of leather and card-board, phonograph records, electrical appliances, transmission belts made of hemp. And books, books, books. Here is a display showing what the country imports from abroad and what it exports. The country's economic life is being revived, which gladdens and encourages the delegates.

Only snatches of information had reached far-off Siberia concerning the alarming events in the Ukraine, and in Alexandrovsk in particular. This created anxiety among the settlers in Siberia, for some had left brothers and sisters, and others—grown-up children in the Ukraine. Each piece of news was passed from one to another. However, there were many conflicting and obviously false rumors. So before Makovsky left for the Congress his fellow-villagers asked him to find Ukrainians while in Moscow, to find out what was actually going on in the Ukraine.

When the registration of the delegates began and during the intervals between sessions Makovsky went from one delegate to another, asking:

"I say, buddy, do you happen to come from the Ukraine?"

He met people from the Urals, the Volga region, Petrograd, the central parts of Russia. . . And at long last he heard the sounds of his mother tongue—Ukrainian. He went up to a group of delegates.

"Hello, brother-Ukrainians? How goes it in our native Ukraine?"

"And where do you come from?"

"From Siberia."

“Oooh!”

Some fifteen minutes were left before the session was to start and Makovsky used this time to ask questions. He heard that much blood had been shed in the Ukraine in the past few years. The town of Alexandrovsk had passed through an ordeal. Just in the past five months it had been invaded twice by the troops of White Guard General Wrangel—in August and then in October. Their first stay lasted three days and their second—five weeks. And how much trouble and misfortune they had caused! Was it true that there had been many bands in the Ukraine?

“Had been? Why, they are there even at this moment. And mostly in the Alexandrovsk province. The village of Gulyai Polye is in that part of the Ukraine, isn’t it? Well, Makhno had chosen it for his capital. The bandits raided towns and large villages, killing members of Revolutionary Committees and Communists, plundering and destroying buildings. The Makhno thugs have not yet been completely wiped out. But peaceful life is beginning to return.”

“Perhaps you have some Ukrainian newspapers, which I could take to Siberia? They would be glad to read them.”

A few newspapers were collected for him, some of them a month, some even four months old—but in Siberia those would not be considered old.

When at home he read the following piece of information in the *Izvestia* of the Alexandrovsk Province Revolutionary Committee:

“With the aim of restoring the ruined industry the economic council of the province has taken measures to expand and supply with equipment the leather manufacturing plant in our town; the question has also been raised and measures have been taken to set into operation a factory for the manufacture of lower grades of paper.

“A decision has been taken to inspect and set into ope-



ration the glass producing plant and the Nuts pipe rolling plant.

"Measures are being taken to start steel production and the construction of a machine-tool manufacturing plant. Much attention has been paid to increasing brick production for which purpose it is proposed to obtain a schedule-order for small anthracite nuts; measures have been taken to start the production of ceramics and cement."

The week spent at the Congress made an indelible impression on Makovsky. The young revolutionary had seen Lenin a second time. This happened on the day of the opening of the Congress, on December 22. He also saw him on the following days and never stopped admiring his simplicity, his profound knowledge of the thoughts and aspirations of the working people, his remarkable clarity of mind. It appeared that one could discuss even complicated international affairs and politics in such a manner that it would be clear to the almost illiterate worker, peasant and soldier. It was these people that Lenin addressed while explaining the problems facing the country.

I do not know whether Makovsky put down his impressions while at the sittings in the Bolshoi Theatre. Most likely he did not. At any rate, on returning home he told people about the Congress without resorting to any notes, though, he had all the booklets that had been distributed to the delegates.

"The moment Iosif's friends learnt of his return from Moscow," Yefimia Makovskaya recalls, "they began to come to our house." Every one was eager to hear what news the delegate had brought from the Congress.

I reproduce here Makovsky's story of the Congress as it is remembered by his wife and his brother Leonid.

"If any of you happen to get to Moscow," Iosif Ivanovich began, "pay attention to a large building with columns in

the centre of the city. Over the entrance there is a chariot driven by four horses. That's the Bolshoi Theatre. And it was here that the Congress sessions took place. It's a rich theatre, with soft chairs upholstered with red velvet and lots of gilt. In the old days the poor people did not go to this theatre. And now workers, peasants and Red Army men were sitting there. There must be a shortage of firewood in Moscow because it was rather cold in the hall and we sat with all our things on. They are also economizing on electric power—the theatre was not so brightly illuminated. There were no less than some two and a half thousand people there. The hall was packed full, people occupying even the pit where the orchestra sits during performances.

"I looked around at the sheepskin coats, great coats and homespun coats, and the thought occurred to me: would this be possible in, say, Germany, France, or America? Can it be that they have such common people in their parliaments? And here at our Congress there were the worker who had just left his lathe, the peasant who had just left his wooden plough and the soldier who was also essentially either a worker or a peasant.

"The Congress was opened by Mikhail Ivanovich Kalinin. And he began his speech with a tribute to those who had perished in the Civil War. We all rose and at that moment I thought of my friends, Red Guard men and partisans, killed in open battle and stabbed to death in basements. Mikhail Ivanovich spoke about the people of Siberia. We see here, he said, the representatives of the workers and peasants, we see those very comrades who fought for Soviet power with arms in hand and did not permit Kolchak to enslave them, who organized guerrilla detachments that reinforced the Red Army. It was about us that this was said!

"We Siberians moved that on behalf of the Congress



a telegramme of congratulation should be sent to our valorous Red Army which had routed the enemies of the Soviet Republic.

"After that it was announced: 'To report on the first item the floor is given to Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars—Comrade Lenin.' Then a real storm arose. Every one got up, clapping and shouting: 'Long live Comrade Lenin! Hurrah!'

"Lenin made a report on the work of the Government and spoke about the international situation and about the conditions in the country. What was the main idea? It was that the war had been brought to a finish. We must go over to peaceful labour. But it's too early to lay down our guns because we still have many enemies and there is no guarantee that a new Kolchak or Wrangel may appear, though it's high time for the imperialists to realize that we cannot be intimidated.

"The Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries also crawled to the rostrum with their speeches," the delegate went on, "but Lenin rebuffed them so they will remember it for a long time. These people, he said, are henchmen of international imperialism...

"We'll have to carry out a lot of propaganda work among the peasants, especially among the middle peasants," Makovsky went on. "We must make them understand and accept whole-heartedly the policy of the Soviet regime. Lenin spoke about this in that part of his report where he dwelt on the tasks of the national economy. Much importance is attached to electricity. Not only the towns but also the villages will have it. You can judge the great importance of electricity by the fact that Lenin said at the Congress: 'Electrification plus Soviet power means Communism.'

"My dear friends, I'm glad to inform you about a treaty

concluded between Russia and the Ukraine. The Russian and Ukrainian workers and peasants have the same interests and are faced with the same tasks. This means that they must work together. It will be easier to build a new life by pooling efforts and also to defend oneself from any enemy. This was what the Ukrainian delegate said at the Congress. And then he read the draft treaty of a military and economic alliance between the Russian Republic and the Ukraine. The delegates of the Congress had no doubts as to the importance of such an alliance, so the question was not even debated and we proceeded to the voting at once. The treaty was approved unanimously. On which, my dear fellows, I congratulate you."

The visitors left very late. For a long time Iosif remained sitting at the table, silent. Then he smiled.

"Have you recalled anything funny or pleasant?" asked Yefimia.

"Indeed, I have," he answered. "A Penza workman took the floor at the Congress and told us how the workers there turn out locomotives and give a name to each of them. One locomotive was named 'Red Army man', another 'Proletarian', a third—'Budyonny', and then they turned out the next one and named it 'Spartacus'."

"Spartacus?" Yefimia exclaimed.

"Yes, they named it after the same man after whom our son was named."

There was one thought that had been worrying Iosif since the day he had heard at the Congress Krzhizhanovsky's report on the plan for the electrification of Russia. And now he decided to talk it over with his wife.

"An engineer spoke at the Congress, a man by the name of Krzhizhanovsky. He was tall, lean, dressed simply, wearing a Russian blouse and high boots. He is a friend of Lenin's. This engineer's report on electrification lasted



over two hours. A large map was hung up behind him and lamps of different colours would light up on it when he mentioned the places where electric power stations would be built. Many of them will be built, but the most important will be built on the Dnieper. And do you know in what place?"

"How would I know," Yefimia replied. "I wasn't present at the Congress."

"All right, then I'll tell you. The electric power station of special importance will be built in our Alexandrovsk district. Listen to what the reporter said about that." He got out a booklet and read a passage he had underlined.

"Hydroelectric power station No. 3 near the town of Alexandrovsk will acquire particular importance for the whole southern area and the Donets basin. By building a powerful dam on the Dnieper near Alexandrovsk we shall be able to obtain such a high rise of the water that it will cover the famous Dnieper rapids. The head of the water thus obtained makes it possible to build here the largest hydroelectric power station in Russia whose capacity will gradually rise from two hundred thousand H.P. to over eight hundred thousand H.P."

Yefimia listened carefully to everything her husband was reading and telling her, without understanding, however, why it made him so excited. She was on the point of asking him for the reason but on second thought decided that he would soon explain the reason himself. She was not mistaken.

"And if such large-scale construction work is going to take place in Alexandrovsk there will be a need for people. Maybe we'll go back to the Ukraine?"

Yefimia had long missed her native Ukraine where she had been born and spent her childhood. How many times on the long winter nights when outside a bitter Siberian

frost prevailed, had she thought of returning to her warm native Ukraine... And now it was her husband who had broached the subject.

"It would be nice to..." Yefimia said softly. "But will they let you go?"

The talk with his wife plunged Iosif into a reminiscent mood. Where was his native Voznesenka and the town of his youth—Alexandrovsk? How many miles separated him from them? It wasn't so long ago that we left those parts—less than seven years—and yet how much has changed in that short period of time! Two wars—the imperialist war and the Civil War—and two revolutions had since taken place. For almost four hundred years Russia had been ruled by its autocratic tsars and now the last of the Romanoff dynasty had been removed from the throne. Eight months after that all the power in the country had passed into the hands of the workers and peasants who had vegetated for centuries under the yoke of oppression and in total ignorance. Then came foreign intervention and the Civil War. The young Soviet Republic, starving, barefooted, half-ruined but made strong by the class-consciousness of its toiling people, had routed the hordes of interventionists and White Guards who were armed to the teeth.

And how many changes had taken place in Iosif Makovsky's own life! From a semi-literate working lad who only vaguely had felt that there was much injustice in the world, he had developed into a class-conscious revolutionary, a Communist. In the time that had elapsed he had been a soldier of the tsarist army, a Red Army man, an underground-fighter and a partisan. He was imprisoned twice, "rose" from the dead and became the head of a large family—the father of three sons.

There was a seven-year period for you! And look how



many events could be crowded into such a short space of time.

His thoughts went back to Moscow, to the Congress of Soviets. Again, as though alive, Lenin stood before his mind's eye. Now he approaches the rostrum and, lifting his hand, asks for silence. A storm arises in the hall and when it abates such silence reigns that it seems one could hear a pin fall.

Much of what Makovsky had experienced in those seven years he really comprehended while listening to Lenin. And how cleverly and aptly did Lenin speak about the peasants. They had learnt by experience that only the Soviet power would give them all that was needed to live a peaceful prosperous life. But there was one thing difficult for him to grasp—how will it all go on now? And why does Lenin say that the war on the national economy front would be more difficult than the war on the actual field of battle?

Makovsky was a soldier who had fought in the war all these years, both in open warfare and in the underground. The task had been absolutely clear then—destroy the enemy. Now there was an abrupt turnover to economic affairs and momentarily he failed to see his place in the new set-up.

Ever since the day he had joined the Communist Party, Makovsky had considered himself an agitator. It was in expounding to the soldiers and peasants the slogans of the Party, in calling on them to fight for power, for a new and better life, that he saw his duty as a Party member. But that had been the time of war with which he was familiar.

He was especially impressed by Lenin's words about the necessity of shifting the emphasis in propaganda and agitation from the military and political spheres to the sphere of building up the national economy. Hence, as

before, his main duty was to explain to the workers and peasants that they were now masters of their own destinies and must, therefore, display more interest and activity in everything. And the level of literacy should be raised, for no new society could be built without it.

No person who had lived all his life in a small town could help being excited at the thought that it was just in this small town that the largest hydropower station in Europe was to be constructed. And, of course, not only an electric station would be built there. There would be more construction. Makovsky had a longing to return to that part of the country where he had been born, because he felt that it was there he would best be able to use his talent as an organizer and agitator.

It wasn't easy to leave a place of long residence and to start one's life from scratch. In Siberia he had a house and an allotment of land. In the Ukraine he had neither house nor home. Here his family had all they needed. What would their life be in Alexandrovsk? Wouldn't it be better to stay in Siberia? But something drew him irresistibly to where the centre of construction was. After long deliberation he decided to go.

Makovsky had several talks with the secretary of the District Party Committee. Iosif was trying to show that there, on the Dnieper, he would be of no less service to the Party than in Siberia.

"We need active Communists here, too," was the answer.

However, Makovsky had one argument which was hard to ignore—his illness. He had not yet recovered fully from his wounds. Fighting at the front, starving and months of imprisonment—all that had told on his health. Now he needed rest and treatment in the south.

One spring day in 1921 Iosif Ivanovich returned home



earlier than usual. Happy and excited, still standing on the threshold of the house, he called out to his wife:

"Start packing, darling! I've got permission to leave and we'll go by the first boat."

Together with the "Medical Case History" he put into his field shirt pocket the certificate issued by the Pavlodar political bureau for the fighting counter-revolutionary activities, profiteering and the misuse of office. It was stated in the document that until April 27, 1921, to the very moment of his departure from Siberia he carried on Party and Soviet work and that he "was relieved from his duties as a disabled person and sent by the Local Executive Committee to the Crimea for treating an illness caused by the White Guard terror".

They sailed down the Irtysh River, at Omsk they changed to a train. Again they were making the long journey by rail. With each mile the Ukraine came nearer and at last they arrived in Alexandrovsk.

Leaving five-year-old Pyotr and three-year-old Dmitry with their relatives, the couple, taking along six-month-old Spartak, left for the Crimea. Baron Wrangel and the remnants of his White Guard troops had only recently been driven into the Black Sea. The Red Army had cleared the entire Crimean peninsula of counter-revolutionaries. And the Soviet Government's first concern was to preserve the resorts and sanatoriums of the Crimean seaside. They were used to treat and restore the physical fitness of workers, peasants and all toilers. In his instructions to the People's Commissar of Health for drafting a decree on this, Lenin explained that it must be "a political decree of such a kind, that each phrase should sound like music". And when the draft was ready Lenin added a few words in his own hand to the effect that workers of other countries shall also have an opportunity to be treated at the Crimean health resorts.

Lenin attached great importance to the utilization of the curative properties of the Crimean seaside.

Iosif Makovsky was one of the first to obtain the right for treatment in one of the best sanatoriums on the shore of the Black Sea. He spent two months there.

## IN THE FOREMOST LINE OF BATTLE

■ The day after his arrival in Alexandrovsk Makovsky went to the Town Party Committee and asked for a job. What kind of job? Any.

"Won't you take, as a start, the post of Secretary of the Executive Committee?" he was asked. "We very badly need an efficient person, one considerate of others."

"If it's necessary I'll accept the offer," Makovsky answered.

And that was how his peace-time career started. There was no front, no underground meetings, nor any guerrilla raids. He was occupied with the most prosaic daily needs of the town.

Soviet power had been established in Alexandrovsk on January 2, 1918. But the enemies of the Revolution put up a stubborn resistance and the town had been the arena of fierce battles. In turn it was taken over by the bourgeois-nationalist bands of the demagogue Petlyura, the anarchist-kulak bands of the adventurer Makhno, the counter-revolutionary detachments of the mercenary Socialist-Revolutionary Grigoryev and the White Guard troops of Wrangel and Denikin. They were not long in control or, to be more precise, committed outrages in this town. Alexandrovsk was quickly cleared of the White Guards and the bandits, though Makovsky still found remnants of the routed na-



tionalistic parties there in the summer of 1921 when he returned from the Crimea.

1921. What did Alexandrovsk look like and what were its interests? From his childhood each house there had been familiar to Makovsky.

I obtained a copy of the local newspaper with its very long title *News of the Zaporozhye Province Executive Committee, the Province Committee of the Ukrainian Communist Party (Bolsheviks), and the Podiv 30*. It is noteworthy that the paper was a joint organ of the civil bodies and the military authorities. "Podiv 30" stood for Political Department of the 30th Red Army Division. This issue of the paper was published on Friday, August 19, 1921.

The editorial is devoted to the Province Young Communist League Conference scheduled for September 10. The Young Communist League, the editorial points out, "has been faced with a number of urgent tasks and will have to launch a number of important campaigns in connection with the launching of the New Economic Policy".

In the article "Industry and Cooperation" we read the following:

"If a month and a half ago there still was some hope for the recuperation of our large industry, and the plan outlined for its concentration seemed to offer some possibility of averting the threat it faced from private and handicraft production, at the present moment, as a result of harvest failures and the approaching fuel shortage, we are facing the fact of an almost complete disintegration of our large-scale industry. . .

"If the plenary meeting of the Province Trade Union Council, which was held only six weeks ago, set our trade union organizations the modest task of putting into operation 13 big metal working plants, 34 large flour-mills and several enterprises in other branches of industry, these

modest target figures were already far from realistic during the next plenary meeting which ended its work on August 8."

"There was real danger," the newspaper wrote, "that many enterprises would have to be shut down for a time."

"Fight Famine!" is the way a selection of dispatches from correspondents is entitled. "In the matter of aiding the famine-stricken areas a minute's delay or a grain of negligence is a most serious crime."

One of the articles carried in this issue of the paper says that a new task confronts the trade unions that of "uniting their members in consumers' cooperative societies and opposing the strength and solidarity of the working class to the free market and competition of small manufacturers".

In 1921, provincial Alexandrovsk numbered only some fifty thousand inhabitants. This was ten thousand less than before the Revolution. And very little had changed since the Makovsky family had left their native town to set out for Siberia in search of a better life. Iosif Ivanovich walked along the familiar streets which were as badly kept and dirty as before. On either side there stood one-storied wooden and clay houses lacking the most elementary conveniences. The life of the majority of the town's inhabitants was pretty hard, particularly that of the unemployed.

Makovsky did not spend much time in the building of the Executive Committee for he was not accustomed to office work. More often he was to be found at the enterprises, standing idle at the time, in the half-dark overcrowded schools and in the squalid flats of the workers. By associating with people he was better able to learn of their needs.

That year vast areas of the country, and especially the Volga regions, were stricken with a horrible famine. At



meetings Makovsky tried to persuade the workers to do their utmost to help the starving people. On behalf of the Executive Committee he appealed to the railwaymen to work overtime in order to speedily repair the locomotives and cars which were indispensable for the transportation of grain to the famine areas.

"This is the kind of bread they eat there," he would say to the workers showing them a newspaper report that something which did not bear the slightest resemblance to bread had been brought to Moscow. The very sight of this "bread", made of the roots of forest plants and some yellow muck, was repugnant. Many people die after eating such bread, said the newspaper report.

"How have you helped the starving people?" This question was put to every Soviet citizen with the same degree of gravity and expectation as not so long before had been asked another question—"How have you helped the front?"

Though his duties as a functionary of the local authorities were most honourable, Isid was burning to do something practical. His aspirations coincided with the desire of the Local Party Committee to make certain agricultural enterprises more efficient by sending Communists to work in them. Makovsky was offered the post of manager of the livestock state farm "Verkhovye". "Offered" is probably the wrong word here. He was summoned to the Committee and told: "You will be manager of the state farm." And manager of the farm he became.

Spring was approaching. This was the fifth post-revolution spring. The sprouts of a new life were perceptible everywhere. One of these sprouts was the state farm. This was something new in the countryside and the peasants looked at the innovation with uncertainty.

More than a year had passed since the Eighth All-

Russia Congress of Soviets. The Congress delegate Makovsky had become one of those called upon to rouse and inspire the people to the building of a new society. Moreover, he was to do that in the most difficult sector, the countryside, where the level of the people's consciousness was not as high as in the town. With the state farms as examples, it was necessary to demonstrate to the peasants the advantages of large-scale mechanized socialist economy over the individual farm economy.

Thus far there was only a hard beginning, with little machinery, a shortage of manpower and funds. It would take much effort to convert the state farm into a milk and meat producing "factory".

One after another, the peasants took to visiting Makovsky's house. The house was both his home and his office. Some came to ask for a loan of machinery and implements, others wondered whether the state farm could help the individual farmers with pedigree cattle. Those were difficult questions to answer. By instinct Makovsky found the right solution—the peasants should be helped in every possible way. In that help they must see not his, Makovsky's kindness, but the benevolent attitude of the Soviet regime towards them. In this way, he thought, we shall succeed in speeding up the peasants' acceptance of collective tilling of the land.

Nature had bestowed nerves of steel upon this man. No difficulties or troubles could make him lose heart or give way to despair. Only once throughout their life together had Yefimya seen tears in her husband's eyes. This was in January, 1924.

That day he came home, his features beclouded. He sat down on a bench without taking off his coat, buried his face in his hands and wept. A newspaper with a black mourning frame was sticking out of his sheepskin coat



pocket. Lenin had died. The man who had been a guiding star to Iosif Makovsky and to millions like him was no more.

The sad news quickly spread throughout the village and one after another the people made for the state farm office. They sat on the benches, even on the floor. They talked in voices hardly audible.

Makovsky took the newspaper out of his pocket, unfolded it and got up. Everybody rose at once.

"Listen to the appeal of the Communist Party Central Committee." He paused, and then read.

"To the Party! To all working people!"

The voice of the man reading the paper would rise like thunder, then it grew soft and one would seem that it was to him alone, and not to all the people, that the headquarters of the Party appealed, and then the voice would sound louder again. The peasants listened to the moving appeal without missing a single word.

"An inhuman, insatiable thirst for work, a mind engaged in untiring activity, and the merciless expenditure of his energies shattered that Herculean organism and ended for ever the life of one who is dearest of all to us—our Ilyich.

"But his physical death does not mean the death of his cause. Lenin lives on in the spirit of every member of our Party. Every member of our Party is part of Lenin. Our entire Communist family is the collective embodiment of Lenin.

"Lenin lives on in the heart of every honest worker.

"Lenin lives on in the heart of every poor peasant."

Makovsky finished reading, but the words seemed to resound in the room, calling on the people to give all their strength to the implementation of the ideas of Lenin.

Slowly he sat down and everybody followed suit. Nobody broke the silence. The people in the room were expecting something, but Iosif did not know what to say.

An old man squatting by the wall then spoke up.

"Iosif, be it true or ain't it that you saw Vladimir Ilyich? What did he look like?"

"I had the great fortune of seeing Vladimir Ilyich Lenin twice," answered Makovsky, "in 1917 and in 1920."

He remembered how sickly and tired Lenin looked on July 4, 1917, in Petrograd. At the request of the sailors he had appeared on the balcony then and said a few words to the demonstrators.

Then he saw him in Moscow. Only a little over three years had passed since the day on which the soldier Iosif Makovsky listened to Lenin's speech in the Bolshoi Theatre. There was ever so much vigour, energy and animation in Lenin! With what faith in the people did he address all the workers and peasants through their representatives—the delegates to the Congress of Soviets.

They asked him a lot of questions about what Lenin had said, his style of dress and manner of behaviour at the Congress... Everything was of interest to them. And it was a long time before they left his house that night.

Iosif Makovsky was one of those rank-and-file members of the Party who was dispatched to the foremost lines of battle. In the twenties, among other sections, school had become one of the battle lines.

When Makovsky was summoned to the District Party Committee and asked about his ideas on the teaching and education of children and on the moulding of the new man, the builder of socialism, he was somewhat perplexed...

"Our business is to provide the working class with



milk and meat," said he. "As regards teaching and education you should better ask the teachers."

"Why?" the secretary of the Committee retorted. "Does it make no difference to us Communists what our Soviet children grow up like? And should we not be concerned with the work of the school? Unfortunately, the section of Party members among the teachers is very small, some of the schools don't even have Party organizations."

"You don't intend, by any chance, to send me to work at a school, do you?" Makovsky asked.

"We do," the secretary replied.

Iosif Makovsky then became assistant head master in the primary school of the village of Andriyevka, near Zaporozhye. At first he attended only to such affairs as repairing the school premises, procuring fire wood and teaching aids. "I had to fight for every rouble," he said later, recalling this job. There was not much money the country could afford to allocate for purposes of education in those days.

Gradually he began to understand the teaching process, going deeper and deeper into it. He observed lessons and spoke at teachers' meetings. Soon both teachers and pupils felt that after Makovsky's coming to the school things had taken a turn for the better—there was more order, efficiency and clarity of purpose in the work. That must have been what they had counted on in the Party Committee when they sent this energetic person to the school.

There were many families where the school-age children were not sent to school. Some of these families kept the children at home to nurse and care for the smaller children. Others took them to the fields to accustom them to farming. "Learn to reap and plough and that's

going to be your education. Your father, grandfather and great-grandfather lived their lives and got along without a school education, and you, too, will manage without that."

"No, the child will not get along without an education," Makovsky would speak up in such cases. He tried to make the peasants understand that their children would never have a happy life if they remained uneducated. And he would end up saying:

"And in general, primary education is compulsory. Whatever happens to your boys' further education is entirely your own business, but they must go through primary school."

That year universal compulsory four-year education was introduced in the country.

"I had to resort to all kinds of measures," Iosif Ivanovich recalled. "In some cases I used persuasion and in others threats had to be made—you'll have to pay for breaking Soviet law."

The Andreyevka school became not only a place for teaching the children, but also a centre in the struggle for the elimination of illiteracy among the people. On evenings, when the kerosene lamps were lit, one might have witnessed the same scene in many houses—the teacher or one of the third- or fourth-form pupils teaching a peasant, who was hardly able to straighten out his toil-hardened fingers, the proper way to hold a pencil.

"Well, have you fitted yourself into the situation?" the secretary of the District Party Committee once asked Makovsky.

"I kind of got used to the way of things," Iosif answered, "and have gained experience in the two years."

"That's fine. Now you'll share that experience with others."



"In what way? How do you mean?"

"It's very simple—we recommend you for the post of school inspector at the public education department."

For three years he worked as inspector, travelling throughout the district, checking on the implementation of the decree on compulsory four-year education, arguing with the local authorities, insisting that the schools be given the best premises available, trying to persuade everybody to join the "End Illiteracy!" society.

There was a shortage of school buildings, and not only two-session, but even three-session schools were quite the usual thing. . . . The young inspector enters one of these schools. Four hundred pupils studying in four poorly lit rooms! No room for the staff, the library or workshop. The school has no playground, so there is no place for the children to run about and play after lessons in the stuffy damp classrooms. Is this school an exception? No, there are many like it. This situation cannot be tolerated. So Makovsky goes to the Executive Committee and suggests what institutions and officers, in his opinion, could be asked to reduce their premises to vacate some quarters most suitable for schools.

And the trouble the homeless urchins gave him! Many were stranded in Zaporozhye on the way from the central parts of the country to the warm Crimea. They had to be gathered, washed, fed and then sent on to a children's labour settlement. Conditions had to be created that would arouse in the urchins a wish to stay, instead of to run away. And it was ever so difficult to select suitable teachers for them. Yes, there were lots of problems, and lots of troubles.

There was no municipal transport in Zaporozhye at the time. Up to ten kilometres a day, sometimes more, the inspector had to cover on foot. This man in the faded

field tunic and down-at-the-heel boots became a familiar figure in the schools.

He was not particular in respect to food and clothes. If he managed to get dinner somewhere—all right, if he did not—well, he would do without food till supper in the evening. However, there wasn't always a supper there either, for his family lived in great want. Five people could not live on his salary alone, a rather modest salary at that. Makovsky realized this clearly after a few months of living in town. Renting a flat was no good either. One must have a house of his own and an allotment of land on which one could grow potatoes and vegetables...

Iosif Ivanovich applied to the rural community of the small suburban settlement, Zelyony, for an allotment of land on which to build a house and raise a kitchen garden.

"Allot land to him according to the number of dependents, but do not give him an allotment in the general row of houses, because he is a Communist and non-believer," was the decision of the settlement's peasant meeting. This decision may seem incredible, but understandable if one recalls the situation in the Ukraine during the first years of Soviet power.

He built a small house, apart from the other houses of the settlement. He planted a fruit and kitchen garden round the house. Life became easier.

One day in August 1927, Makovsky came home noticeably excited.

"The scoundrel got what he deserved. How many people he butchered!" And with these words he placed a newspaper on the table.

"This is an interesting case," he said to his wife and once again read the dispatch that had roused him so. It was reported that in Semipalatinsk a trial had taken place of the former Cossack chieftain Annenkov who had com-



mitted atrocities in Siberia during the Civil War. The criminal was sentenced to death. Makovsky remembered Cherny Dol, Slavgorod, the atrocities of Annenkov's punitive detachment and for a long time he could not regain his composure.

Iosif Ivanovich devoted all his time to his work. Yefim Anisimovna and the children saw very little of him, for he left early in the morning and returned late in the evening.

Just the way the newspapers had published reports from the front in the past, the local newspapers at that time carried reports about the preparations for starting construction work on the Dnieper. In 1927, the engineers had completed drawing up the project and at the end of that year the Government adopted a decision to begin the construction.

On November 8, 1927, the Makovskys, like many other families, set out in the direction of the Dnieper, the mother leading the elder sons by their hands, and seven-year-old Spartak riding on his father's shoulders.

"Well, boys, it's coming true," said the excited and elated Iosif Ivanovich. "A great and powerful hydroelectric station will be built here."

The Makovskys squeezed closer to the bank to better hear the speeches and see what was going on down below. They became participants in a solemn event—the laying of the foundation stone of the Dnieper hydroelectric station dam.

This is how the newspaper *Krasnoye Zaforochye* described the event three days later:

"... The meeting was over.

"The members of the Government and the delegates passed between the two lines of the hydroelectric station

builders and Zaporozhye dwellers and descended to the foundation pit on the bank.

"People spoke in low voices, and instinctively bared their heads. . .

"In almost total silence—broken only by the Dnieper furiously and forcefully beating against the coffer-dam—Vlas Chubar, son of a common peasant and now Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars of the Soviet Ukraine, in a loud voice read the inscription carved on the bronze plaque:

" 'Workers of the world, unite!

" 'On November 8, 1927—on the tenth anniversary of the October Revolution—in fulfilment of the legacy of our leader Lenin, by the will of the workers and peasants, we the representatives of the All-Union and the Ukrainian Governments laid here, on the Dnieper, the foundation of a hydroelectric station with a capacity of 650 thousand kilowatts—a powerful means for the industrialization of our country. . . ' "

The newspaper then describes how solemnly and carefully three pair of hands placed the plaque in the specially prepared place, put a stone on top of it and walled everything up with granite and cement.

"The triumphant sounds of the *Internationale*, the gnashing of the excavators, the shrill whistles of the locomotives, the deafening noise of the pneumatic drills, the shouts of the multi-thousand crowd and the Budyony march—the most marvellous symphony of gigantic construction filled the air and flowed over the banks of the Dnieper."

That is how the report of that memorable day ends—the day which Makovsky often recalled.

Several months later he brought a large group of school-children to the site where the Dnieper hydroelectric station had been laid down. Iosif Ivanovich consider-



ed excursions an important form of education. "Arrange excursions for school-children as often as you can," he would say to the head masters.

But some of them always found a reason why there was not enough time for excursions. In talking with the school-children Makovsky often heard complaints that they only knew teachers who gave them assignments and called on them during lessons, but never met them before or after classes. It may have been just for the purpose of setting an example to the teachers that he would take the pupils of one or another school on an excursion to the town or its environs.

A tight circle of children crowded around the inspector.

"From there, the village of Vornovenka, the dusty and bumpy road descended to the Dniéper. At the bank the carters would abruptly rein in their horses and an echo would ring out over the expanse of the river:

"No-o-o-o-o-ii!"

"And why Noi?" the children wondered.

"Noi Chudnovsky—that was the name of the ferry owner," the inspector answered, and went on with his story. "Without hurry the old ferry pushed off from the opposite bank and with a creak approached the carts waiting for it... Carts, cattle and more carts... On and under them—people. The frail old ferry would be loaded to capacity and it seemed on the very point of giving way and beginning to sink. But no, the loaded ferry would push off and move slowly to the opposite bank.

"The city grew. Flour mills, creameries and oil-mills appeared. The industrial enterprises on the right bank were attracted to the city. Noi Chudnovsky's small ferry was no longer able to carry all the conveyances. A bridge

ing to drive all of us into large barracks where the women and the children, everything, will be socialized. That's what they are up to!" she finished, pointing to Makovsky.

They tried to reason with her and explain that it was all a lie, an invention of kulak propaganda, but she would not listen. Hearing the commotion the women from other houses came running and the meeting had to be stopped.

Iosif Ivanovich had been warned in the Party Committee that the setting-up of the collective farm would not run smoothly, that resistance was inevitable. He knew that. But he had not expected things to take such a turn. Now the words of an old saying came to mind: the lie resembles a snowball in that the longer it rolls the bigger it becomes. It had come to this wild thing—socialized wives! A very simple trick, get the women furious and set them on the men so that the latter would no longer dream of a collective farm.

What was to be done to defeat this malicious kulak propaganda? In good time every one would realize that this was mere slander. Life would confirm that. But what was to be done now?

Iosif Ivanovich went from house to house vainly trying to find out who had started spreading the rumours. One thing was clear without doubt, most arduous in the spreading of the rumours were three or four well-to-do peasants and several farm labourers deceived by them.

"Well, what has your investigation helped you to achieve?" Yefimia Anisimovna asked her husband when he returned home late that night.

Iosif did not answer. He sat on a bench, leaned his elbows on the table and fell to thinking. A snowstorm and wind were raging outside.

Two or three minutes passed and his wife had already



forgotten her question when he suddenly lifted his head and said:

"You're asking me what I've achieved? Well, I've achieved this—people are beginning to understand who is pulling their leg and who is telling the truth. I am right and therefore I go to people with an open heart, speak to them out loud about my being right. And the liar whispers something to a neighbour and then shows the white feather. Some lie out of stupidity, and some have been put up to it. There are also vicious enemies who spread lies and slander quite deliberately. Those people know what they are after—their aim is to undermine confidence in the Soviet regime, to set the peasants against it. You can expect any kind of dirty trick from them."

What happened the very next moment corroborated these words. A shot rang out and pieces of the window pane fell to the floor.

Yefimia Anisimevna ran to the children. Iosif blew out the lamp, snatched the rifle hanging on the wall, and pressing his body against the wall near the window fired into the dark. He listened carefully for a while, made out the steps of some one hurrying away and to calm his wife said:

"They've taken to their heels. Give me a pillow or some rags to stop up the hole in the window."

It was a restless night. Iosif went to bed without taking off his clothes, his rifle near at hand, and Yefimia Anisimevna did not get a wink of sleep.

Early in the morning a neighbour dropped in to ask:

"What was the shooting here last night?"

"Look at this," Iosif said, pointing to the broken window.

Within half an hour the whole settlement had heard of the attempt on Makovsky's life. Midday brought a car from town with criminal investigation department officers, but the criminals had disappeared and left no traces.

This was not the first time the kulaks had tried to do away with the active Party worker Makovsky. Not long before he had been kept late in town at a meeting and stayed the night with relatives. At dawn he went home in a carriage. At that hour the road was deserted. But the one who was hunting Makovsky had waited for him all night. . .

Near the Kapustyanka gully a cart with three men came rushing at full speed to cross the road along which he was moving. Iosif scented some evil intention. Holding the reins with his right hand he quickly took his pistol out of a pocket with his left. One of the men lifted a gun, but another grabbed his hand and there was no shot. The criminals were frightened off by a car that had suddenly appeared from behind a hillock.

The villagers were indignant at the criminal acts of the kulaks who had resorted to arms. No one had any doubts that this was the doing of the kulaks or their henchmen.

"Your truth must indeed be very powerful, Iosif," they would say to Makovsky, "if the enemy is firing at it."

The initiators of the assault had failed to reach their goal. They failed to intimidate the peasants into abandoning the idea of joining the collective farm. Quite the contrary, they had helped those who had been hesitating to choose the right path. Several more peasants applied for admission to the collective farm.

The Soviet regime then said to the kulaks who were accustomed to living through exploiting the farm labourers: "Enough. Your time of domination is over. He who produces the grain, milk and other foodstuffs with his own hands must be master in the village." The kulaks put up resistance, setting fire to stock farms, stables and other farm buildings, shooting active Party, state and Komsomol workers in the back. In a number of places the anti-Soviet acts of the kulaks



were instigated by the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists who wanted to separate the Ukraine from the Soviet Union.

Iosif Ivanovich was not well versed in theory but he instinctively understood the Party line. He was a true and devoted soldier of the Party and by this had incurred the hatred of its enemies. A few days after the unsuccessful attempt at his life on the road he was again threatened with death. The kulaks were preparing a mutiny, and Makovsky was one of the first persons they intended to remove from their path.

... One fine day before sunset, his cousin Ivan Maksimenko galloped into the courtyard on a foaming horse. On the threshold he shouted: "Iosif, leave the village and hide yourself! They are starting the mutiny tonight!"

However, Makovsky did not disappear. On the contrary, he was among those who nipped the mutiny in the bud. On the night when, according to the enemies' plan, the massacre was to begin, they were captured and arrested. . .

"Bolshevik"—that was the name given in the collective farm organized by Makovsky. The old age-long terror of life of the individual peasant was breaking up. On evenings they would gather in one or another house to discuss how to collectively run their economy.

But the provocateurs stopped at nothing. They no longer blabbed about the socialization of wives. No one any longer believed that. But here and there they would try to implant doubt in the hearts of the collective farmers. "Look here, it's only at the beginning that they will socialize all the horses and the cows," they would whisper in their scandal-mongering fashion, "tomorrow, before you know what's what, they will take away your pigs and sheep. Before it's too late, kill your cattle."

Some people fell for this provocation. Makovsky was informed that one peasant had killed his heifer, another one had killed his sow. . .

In one house Makovsky virtually stayed the hand of a peasant who had lifted his axe to kill his goat.

"What are you going to do, you fool? Do you want your children to remain without milk?"

"But they'll take it away."

"Who on earth will take it away? Who the devil needs your goat? Or your sheep, or the little pig that you're feeding to kill for meat? You believe the kulaks? And you know jolly well, don't you, that in many collective farms people have their own domestic cattle and no one is taking them away. Isn't that a convincing example for you?"

There were several cases like that. And later the peasants were grateful to the collective farm chairman for saving their cattle.

There were material difficulties in sowing as well as in obtaining machinery and implements and in arranging the system of remuneration. From early morning till late at night Iosif was engaged in work and troubles. It was seldom that he saw his own children. And the children were growing up. Spartak was already over ten. It was hard to tear him away from a book, especially if it was a book dealing with border guards.

The attitudes of the peasants towards Makovsky, the organizer of the collective farm, differed. The kulaks and their henchmen did not conceal their hostility and hatred. The poor peasants, who saw in the collective farm a means of saving themselves from constant poverty, unreservedly approved of his activities. Some of the middle peasants followed him, too. But many of them would have liked to wait and see, to have thought it all over. . . "It's not a horse we're buying—we're re-shaping our whole life." Makovsky was impatient. Everything was clear, so there was nothing to think over.

Some people did not like this hastiness, straight-forwardness and occasional curtness of his. One thing, however, was



beyond doubt—he was honest, unselfishly disinterested and sincere in his wishing to do good for people. So when the question arose of awarding Makovsky there were no two different opinions.

The small village reading-room is packed with people. "In the presence of representatives of various organizations and citizens," as was recorded in the minutes, "a meeting of the Matveyevka Village Soviet was taking place on the occasion of the thirteenth anniversary of the October Revolution. Following the report, the representative of the Zaporozhye City Soviet, Comrade Reznikov, made a proposal that the Order of the Red Banner be awarded to Iosif Ivanovich Makovsky, for services rendered to the country and the people during the years of the Revolution, Civil War and peaceful construction."

Unanimous applause was the answer to this motion.

Iosif Ivanovich sat on the platform in the presidium, in everybody's sight. He was embarrassed. He rose in answer to the applause by way of expressing his gratitude to the assemblage.

"The plenary meeting authorizes the Presidium of the Matveyevka Village Soviet to raise the question with the higher authorities about awarding I. I. Makovsky the Order of the Red Banner." This resolution was unanimously passed.

The collective farm organized by Makovsky was now firmly on its feet. So the Party Committee transferred him to a new important job.

"Launching an offensive of socialism all along the front"—that is how large scale construction of industrial enterprises all over the country was designated. Within a short period of time the Kharkov tractor plant, the Moscow and Gorky automobile works, the Magnitogorsk iron and steel works, the Urals heavy machinery works and many other big enterprises were built.

The rapid development of old cities and towns, the springing up of new towns became a characteristic feature of the Soviet country. Today no one is any longer astonished at the figures concerning the growth of population, number of factories, dwelling houses, schools, hospitals, etc. Yet, even against this general background of universal upsurge, the growth of Zaporozhye does appear astounding. Judge for yourselves. In one decade—from 1928 to 1938—the population of the town increased fivefold, from sixty to three hundred thousand. It was the Dnieper hydroelectric station that inaugurated the birth of the new town. The putting into operation of the first section of the station, in 1932, was a great event for the inhabitants of Zaporozhye and for the people of the entire country. The plan for the electrification of the country was being successfully implemented. And it had not been so long ago that certain Western newspapers had written that this plan was a “fancy woven out of the smoke of chimneys”.

One dark autumn night in 1933, a bright light illumined the Zaporozhye steppes—pig iron was produced by the first blast furnace of the giant “Zaporozhstal” iron and steel works. Not long before that the second largest Zaporozhye iron and steel works “Dneprospetsstal” had been put into operation, and then the coke-oven plant, the aluminium plant, the ferro-alloy plant, etc. The country’s first magnesium plant, the Dnieper magnesium plant, was of great importance. It was to the construction of this plant that Iosif Makovsky, as an active Communist and able organizer, was now sent.

## SPARTAK STRAIGHTENS UP HIS SHOULDERS

■ Spartak was a pupil of the last form of the seven-year school when he learned that the Zaporozhye flying club was



recruiting young people for study, without discontinuing work. The words "without discontinuing work" perplexed him somewhat. What about those who did not work? The boy then made a sudden decision to give up school and become a worker at a plant. Had he asked his parents and teachers for advice, a better solution might have been found. But it seemed to him he did not need anyone's advice—he himself had chosen the best and correct path. Later Spartak admitted that he had hesitated to broach the subject to his parents—they might have tried to talk him out of, or even to forbid him, joining the flying club. "I'll join and then inform them," he decided, and he did so.

The electrician's apprentice at the sheet-rolling mill, Spartak Makovsky, worked conscientiously. But the closer the end of the shift, the more often his eyes would be fixed on the sky. "Aren't our boys flying there?"

At last the working day is over. After a quick snack Spartak dashes off to the tram stop. It is a long way to Yuzhnaya station, and he has to make a change. As ill luck would have it, the tram runs slowly. An hour and a half later the young trainee pilot hops off. He walks, sometimes he even runs three more kilometres and at last the planes come into view. He is not late for the beginning of the class. This happens every other day, often even every day.

For several months Spartak attended classes of the gliding section and flew US-4 gliders. Then he was transferred to the pilots' section. All winter he studied the theoretical course. Finally the winter was over and the trainees eagerly awaited the beginning of flights on the U-2 planes.

Even during the first days of study, when the future ace was being moulded, Spartak displayed exceptional conscientiousness and honesty. He never concealed his errors. And if his friends made mistakes he always spoke about them straightforwardly. A typical example is recalled by Pyotr

Dmitrenko who now works as foreman at the Zaporozhye house-building combine:

"Makovsky and I were in the same group of pilot-trainees. I was the first to be permitted to make an independent flight. After a few training flights Makovsky was put into the front cockpit of my plane. We made circles. I had very little experience at piloting, I was excited and somewhat at a loss. I did not keep to the speed limit and did not notice the plane heeling. When we landed the instructor came up to us and I reported to him:

" 'The flight went off normally.'

"Makovsky who stood near me remarked as if continuing my report:

" 'During the third turn the heel was larger than prescribed.'

"By this I should like to emphasize that Spartak had carefully watched my flight and called my attention to what I myself had not noticed. This happened rather often. He was precise and would not make the slightest deviation from the prescribed rules of flying."

Ask any pilot, even one who has had ten years' experience, whether he remembers the day of his first independent flight and the answer will be that he most certainly does.

A singular feeling, incomparable to anything, came over Spartak when, after the plane had gathered full speed on the ground, he pulled the control stick towards himself and, obeying his will, the plane took off. His excitement grew with every passing minute. It cost the young pilot a great effort to suppress all his feelings except one—that of responsibility to his instructor and to his friends. Spartak had taken off very well. This he understood at once. But taking off and making a circle was not enough. He must land properly, and that was more difficult.

Makovsky made a "clean" landing and the next moment



found himself hugged by his friends. The trainees Dnestrenko, Levitan, and Dylai enthusiastically congratulated their friend on having made his first independent flight. The strict, rather reserved and silent instructor Nosal only said:

"You're a brick!"

This was the highest praise.

His mother was both glad and frightened when, on returning home that night, Spartak said while still standing on the threshold:

"Today I flew alone without any instructor."

She sighed and said: "It's terrible, isn't it?" And realizing that now nothing can stop him, she added:

"Promise me that you will be careful."

"I promise," Spartak answered.

Being careful. . . Well, that was what the instructor was teaching them, Spartak reflected. Being attentive and circumspect. . . Didn't that mean being careful? The pilot must know in advance what the result of this or that action may be, he must foresee danger and not act rashly. There were, however, people among the trainees whose extreme carefulness turned into cowardice. Experienced pilots told of cases of this kind that were rather frequent—he who is ready to take risks remains safe and sound, and he who tries to be overcareful gets injured or perishes. Spartak remembered his schoolteacher saying: "One must know the right measure in everything." Yes, that meant one must know the right measure in risking and in being careful. But where was this right measure and how was one to find it?

The instructor's praise did not turn Spartak's head. Vanity was alien to him. From his youth, to this day he has preserved this feature of character. He has never been content with what has gone off well, but has always thought—couldn't I have done more or better?

With each day the assignments grew more complicated.

The young pilot became more confident of himself. It would seem that the dream of young Makovsky had come true. Why then, does a feeling of sadness often come over him? Here is Spartak walking slowly along the edge of the airfield, occasionally looking up at the sky from where comes the roar of planes deadened by the distance. Perhaps he is nervous waiting for his turn to come? But this is unlike him. Besides, the assignment for this particular day is not a new one. He has already fulfilled a similar assignment twice and each time had received an excellent mark. Other thoughts worried Spartak.

"Of course, it's nice I've learned to fly," he once shared his thoughts with his father while they were fishing. "Many of the boys on our street envy me. Why should they be envious though; there is nothing to prevent any one from becoming a pilot—join the flying-club and learn. I wouldn't say it's easy, but learning to fly is within everybody's ability. Look how many of us have been launched on independent flights. How wonderful it is up there in the sky. And yet I'd like to do something greater than that. . ."

"What?"

"What if there's a war tomorrow?" Spartak suddenly asked, instead of answering.

This was so unexpected that Iosif Ivanovich was startled, and all but let go of the fishing rod. It was only then that he noticed that the boat had drifted almost to the middle of the river and was being carried away by the current.

"You yourself said," Spartak went on in the meantime, "that things were not quiet on the borders, that the fascists were arming themselves all the time and that the Soviet Union is like a bone stuck in their gizzard, didn't you?"

"Well I did. . . So what are you driving at?"

"What I'm driving at is that I want to become an air force fighter pilot."



Iosif Ivanovich was looking at the bottom of the boat from where the water should have been hauled out long ago. He probably saw neither the water, nor the Dnieper, nor his son. War... The bursting of shells and bombs, burning villages, lines of attackers, ambulances, corpses... He knew the meaning of war! And here his son, who was only taking the first steps in his life career, had uttered this horrible word. There was such a bright and happy future before him, and he was thinking of war. What should he say to him? That there would be no war and his son should get the thought out of his mind? That the country had enough soldiers and would do without youngsters like him? No, he would not say that, for he had always told his son the truth. And the truth was that the fascists might unleash a war. The Army needed personnel for the tank corps, the artillery corps and the air force. The sons were preparing to step into their fathers' shoes. Who else but these sons should train themselves for the defence of the Motherland?

"Why are you silent, Dad?"

Iosif Ivanovich lifted his head and looked at his son fixedly. After a few moments' silence he said:

"Well, son, I won't have any objections. Have they already begun the recruitment to the pilot training school?"

"Yes, they have. They told me at the military commissariat I could apply for admission."

"So you've been at the military commissariat, too, have you?"

"Yes, I have."

The thing that struck Iosif Ivanovich as sudden and unexpected had been thought over by Spartak ever since the day on which he had made his first independent flight on the U-2 training plane. But he had not been able to make up his mind to confide even in his father, his best friend and counsellor. And

Accession No :

U.D.C

10:

Date:

1667

6-31

BR

12-2-52

now the talk had taken place. Spartak could hardly restrain the feeling of joy that overwhelmed him. He lost all interest in fishing and was eager to return home, to fill out an application and drop in at the military commissariat early next morning, before work started.

"You mustn't be hasty," his father said. "The matter is serious and you have to think it over carefully. Are you well prepared? It's no simple matter to become a military pilot. To have the desire is not all that is needed."

"I've thought everything over," Spartak hurried to assure his father. "I know it will be difficult. Well, what of it? Was it easy for you in your days? Did you ever give in to hardship or danger?"

Iosif Ivanovich kept silent. He had never boasted of his merits and forbade his sons from boasting to their friends: "That's the kind of dad I have!" But he had often spoken about his own friends.

"And should I tell mother?" asked Spartak.

"I will speak to her myself."

Early next morning the future fighter pilot dropped in at the military commissariat and handed the man on duty a closed envelope with the following words written on it: "To the military commissar." He asked when he should call for an answer.

"When you're wanted you'll be summoned," the man on duty replied.

About two weeks later he was called for a talk with the military commissar. Spartak timidly entered a large room. He saw two tables placed so as to form the letter "T" and thought: "A landing mark." He stopped near the door and reported,

"Flying-club trainee Makovsky reporting as summoned."

The military commissar gazed at the shock-headed young man with interest. This caused Spartak to become even more



shy. To enable him to regain his composure the military commissar shifted his glance to the papers in front of him, kept silent for a moment, then lifted his head, sat back in his chair and said smiling:

"You're not just Makovsky, but also Spartak Makovsky."

Spartak had already got used to the fact that his unusual name evoked interest on the part of people he had to deal with. The military commissar must have been interested in it, too.

"You are determined to become an air force pilot, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am quite determined."

Spartak uttered these words with as much conviction that the commissar realized at once—the young man before him was not a romantically minded adventure-seeker, but a serious fellow who was fully aware of what he was undertaking.

"All right. I wish you luck. Now you have to wait for a call."

A month after, Makovsky was again called to the military commissariat. He was handed a paper which stated that he was being sent to study at the Kacha air force pilot training school.

At the flying-club Spartak had heard good reports of the Kacha military school. This school had been established several years before the Revolution. Many of its alumni had distinguished themselves in battle. And how many brilliant pilots the school had turned out in the last few years! In the late autumn of 1937 Spartak crossed the threshold of the famous pilot training school. He realized the seriousness of this step. The fighter plane was quite different from the low-speed U-2 plane.

Spartak examined the new place with interest. On the brink of the sea were situated the school and dormitories,

and farther, the aerodromes. The unrelieved surface of the steppes stretched far eastwards, the low Crimean mountains visible in the distance. Next to the school there were fruit trees. . .

"Beautiful, isn't it?" asked a cadet passing by.

"It couldn't be more beautiful," Makovsky replied.

"Wait till you go up in the air—you'll see even greater beauty. You'll get a view of almost the entire Crimea. On a fine day you can make out Yevpatoria, Saki and even Simferopol."

Then began a rigorous and strenuous military life in which every single minute was calculated and planned. In his letters home Spartak never complained, but in talking to his commander he once confessed that he did get tired towards evening.

"This is quite understandable—there's been an abrupt transition from civilian to military life," the commander replied. "It's all right, you'll get used to it."

And the novices did get used to it, some of them taking a longer time to do so, others a shorter period. The good physical training he had received at school and at the flying-club helped Spartak. And what contributed even more to his success was the perseverance with which he worked to acquire knowledge, especially of the theoretical subjects. Knowledge did not come easy to him, but he had a clearly defined goal and nothing could prevent him from reaching it.

At that time the fame of the Soviet pilots already resounded across the world. The names of the first Heroes of the Soviet Union were familiar to every one. This highest award was merited by seven pilots for rescuing the members of the *Chelyuskin* expedition. (This ship had been crushed by drifting ice floes in the Chuckchee Sea.) And admiration had been evoked by the exploits of Chkalov's and Gromov's ANT-25 plane crews. For the first time in history, the brave Soviet



pilots had flown from Europe to the United States via the North Pole. Record-setting flights were made by Vladimir Kokkinaki, Polina Osipenko and many other pilots. Spartak knew everything that the newspapers had written about them. He also read about the renowned acrobatics master, Stepan Suprun. While he had only seen pictures of the other heroes, he had an opportunity of seeing Suprun in person and quite near. Moreover, he not only saw this ace, but was also able to listen to his absorbing stories about the profession of a pilot, about courage and heroism.

This happened on the eve of the first elections to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR. Stepan Suprun, who was nominated as candidate to the supreme organ of state power, came to Kacha to meet the electorate of his constituency. Spartak Makovsky, who was not yet eighteen, was not entitled to vote, but, of course, he went to the election meeting at the club. And he picked a seat close to the platform.

In a simple unpretentious manner the candidate spoke about his life, about test flights and the great honour of being an air force pilot.

The time sped by quickly. The young cadet flew the U-2 training planes with confidence. But he was to learn to fly more complicated planes—the I-5 and R-5. Spartak devoted not only his class time but also a considerable part of his leisure time to theoretical studies and training.

Air-squadron Commander Captain Lokhin was pleased with his pupil.

"He'll make a good go-ahead pilot," he would say of Makovsky.

February 23, 1939. The line of school graduates stands motionless. Advancing three steps Junior Lieutenant Makovsky takes into his hands the text of the military oath. His voice rings out loud and solemn:

"I am always prepared, at the order of the workers' and

peasants' government, to defend my Homeland, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and as a soldier of the workers' and peasants' Red Army I swear to defend it courageously and effectively, with dignity and honour, not sparing my blood and my very life to achieve complete victory over the enemy."

One week later the chief of the school handed Makovsky his appointment to one of the Soviet Far East garrisons and gave him permission to call on his parents on the way to his place of service.

### FATHER'S PARTING MESSAGE

■ "Hello, here we are," Spartak said softly, without solemnity, as if he had been away from home just a single day.

"Oh!" his mother exclaimed. "My son. How come? You said in your letter you wouldn't be coming so soon. . ."

"Well, we've got here by plane. We've got our own planes, you know, so we just flew home."

"Really?"

"No, Mother, I'm joking. We were allowed to leave earlier and so here I am."

"Goodness, why are you standing? Come in and make yourselves comfortable."

Iosif Ivanovich came out of the room.

He gave his son a big hug, slapping him on the shoulder so hard that Yefimia Anisimovna was worried and said:

"You'll hurt the boy."

"It's all right, he's a strong boy and can stand it," Iosif Ivanovich answered. He greeted two of Spartak's friends who had come together with him and asked where they came from.

The mother could not take her eyes off Spartak. There he



was, going to leave the nest for a long time and fly away. When she had seen him off to the school she had thought—well, we're not parting for long, he'll be back in two years. And now he was back, but for how long? Had he really come only for three days? How lively he was and how seriously he talked to his father! Her son was quite a grown-up man.

At table the young people discussed the topic that excited and interested them most of all those days—the experience of military operations in Spain and the coming frontier service. The young officers showed off their knowledge of military terminology and illustrated their statements by examples from the literature they had read. At times they got so carried away that they became oblivious of the presence of their elders. Now and then one of them would look at Yefimia Anisimovna or at Iosif Ivanovich as though apologizing for talking shop.

But the parents were interested in the talk of the young men, even if they did not understand it all, particularly when the airmen profusely used words like "immediacy", "dive", "boost". Yefimia Anisimovna could not help brushing away a tear from time to time. In her thoughts she was already saying good-bye to her son who was leaving for some unknown part of the country. . .

When Spartak said he had an appointment to the Far East his mother startled and exclaimed involuntarily:

"Couldn't you have asked to be sent to some nearer place?"

Everybody burst out laughing. But Spartak answered, maintaining a serious face:

"Well, I might have asked to be sent to a place not on the very border, but two hundred kilometres nearer. (The reader will appreciate the joke when he calculates the distance between Zaporozhye and the Far Eastern borders of the Soviet Union, some ten thousand kilometres.)

Continuing the conversation in the same jocular manner one of Spartak's friends said, addressing his mother:

"You see, it's like this. A wire came from the Far East command saying that the Japanese had again started making trouble on the border and that the fine pilot Spartak should be sent there."

"That's to put the fear of God into them, isn't it?" the father continued in the same vein.

"Precisely."

Yefimia Anisimovna looked from one to the other, and then, giving it up as lost, she said "Go on with you!" and went into the kitchen.

Iosif Makovsky noticed his son's keen interest in world events and his rather mature judgement regarding the current situation. There was a newspaper on the table. The reports published in it attracted the young people's attention.

"Have you read this? The Germans are building up their defences on the Western border for all they are worth—the Ziegfried line."

"I have read it," Spartak answered calmly. "But I don't quite see why they are doing that. Is France going to attack Germany?"

"But Germany is also a peace-loving country. . ."

"Is it? It is suppressing every kind of freedom inside the country and thrusting her tentacles into neighbouring countries. Have you read the dispatch about the Hamburg trial? One anti-fascist fighter has been sentenced to death and a group of others to hard labour. And the way they have intensified their espionage work in France! No, when the fascists are in power one cannot expect anything good."

The situation in the West was not quiet. But the young pilots—Red Army commanders—were mainly concerned about the situation in the East. There was war in China. The Japanese were quite obviously up to something along the



Soviet borders. Border violation of late had become more frequent. Service on the Far Eastern borders was considered exceedingly honourable in those days.

Three days flitted past and the time for parting came. Would they part for long or for just a short while? No, it wouldn't be soon that Spartak would see his parents again, too long a distance was to separate them.

Iosif Makovsky could not sleep well on the eve of his son's departure. What should he say to him at parting? The words that are usually said in such cases, about his son's duty to the Motherland, about not bringing shame on his father's name, these would not do. No, it had to be done in some different manner, Spartak was to begin his independent life in his early years. He was only eighteen... What trials were in store for him? These thoughts kept him from falling asleep...

Iosif Ivanovich rose at dawn. He took a sheet of paper covered with writing from one of the chest drawers. It was his life story, part of which is already known to the reader. He had written it six months ago. And now he remembered it. The brief and concise lines described the strenuous life of a revolutionary, a rank-and-file soldier of the Party. How many hardships and privations had to be overcome to achieve victory! Let Spartak always remember this.

There was some blank space on the other side of the page after the signature "Iosif I. Makovsky". Iosif Ivanovich pasted on a small photo of himself here and in black Indian ink wrote across the width of the page:

*My dear son Spartak, I am giving you my brief life-story which will be your lifetime legacy and guidance in devotion to the cause of the Party of Lenin.*

*Your father Makovsky*

Some of the letters showed through on the photo and fastened it to the paper like a seal.

When all had gathered for the farewell breakfast Iosif Makovsky went up to his son.

"Here is my parting message for you, son."

Spartak rose and calmly took from his father the sheet of paper covered with writing, ran his eye over it and said in a soft voice:

"Thank you, Dad, I won't let you down."

"I hope, son, you won't injure the honour and reputation of our ancient Zaporozhye Cossack family."

When the occasion presented itself Iosif Ivanovich liked to allude to the fact that their family came from the Zaporozhye Cossacks.

With this life-story of his father pilot Makovsky arrived at the garrison in the Far East. He carried it about with him through all the years of the war. Spartak often re-read it though he knew the contents by heart. During the most difficult moments in his life the exhortation of his father, a revolutionary, inspired him and gave him strength. Spartak would not part with his father's life-story until recently. Now this remarkable document is preserved in the Zaporozhye museum.

## FOLLOWING THE ROCKET

■ The small military settlement was located in an almost deserted area. Not a populated place within view. Those situated farther away were visible only from the plane when it was aloft.

"Climb higher and you'll see more," said Semyon Lebedev who had become one of Spartak's chums.

But the height limit could not be exceeded. Besides,



that was not the task. Guarding the air borders of the country, that was the pilots' main task. They were not to let any intruder penetrate into the country's air space.

Spartak was lucky to have been assigned to a regiment whose pilots had already been in battle and were able to teach the novice a great deal.

The impressions of the Lake Khasan battles of August 1938 were still fresh in the memories of his colleagues. The Japanese imperialists had attempted to seize some Soviet territory in that area. A little over half a year had passed since the routing of the Japanese invaders in the area. During the tactics classes the techniques of air operations for rendering support to infantry were analyzed, and it was not without jealousy that Spartak regarded the battle-hardened pilots. He never missed a single word of their instructive stories.

Intensive training was constantly conducted in the regiment, the pilots flying both in the day and during the night. That the training had been absolutely necessary was borne out by events on the Far Eastern borders two months after Makovsky reported to his regiment. Apparently, the Japanese had not learned anything from the lesson taught them at Lake Khasan, for they arranged another provocation. And the scale of the provocation was much greater this time.

This happened one day late in May. The alarm signal sounded and in a matter of minutes the regiment was lined up at the edge of the airfield. The commander informed them of the invasion of the Mongolian People's Republic by the Japanese aggressors. And an attack on this country, he added, meant an attack on the Soviet Union, because our country was linked with the Mongolian People's Republic through a treaty of friendship and mutual assistance. "Our task is to be in full fighting trim," he said.

The pilots gathered in a spacious classroom. A map was hung up.

"This is Manchuria, occupied by the Japanese," the commissar started the political information hour. "From here, in the region of Khalkhin Gol, supported by tanks, armoured cars, artillery and aviation, they launched an offensive. As can be seen from the first reports their immediate task is to seize this eastern protuberance of Mongolian territory. But that's not their main objective. They want to achieve much more than that—they want to break through to our Soviet land, cut the main Siberian railway and sever the Far East from the Soviet Union. The Japanese want to take revenge for their defeat near Khasan, but they'll get it in the neck here, even worse than there. The commander has already outlined the tasks of our regiment. I now especially appeal to the young people newly arrived from the military schools to become full-fledged combatant officers in the shortest possible time—join the line—that's what's required of you."

"Join the line"—that meant learning to handle new planes, mastering air battle techniques in such a way so as to be prepared for carrying out any task side by side with the battle-hardened pilots.

Young people have different ideas of "joining the line". Some consider that the school have taught them all what is needed and all they have to do now is to fly more boldly. There seems to be no need for further training. Others think differently. In the school, they reflect, we got only the fundamentals of knowledge, real learning and training is only beginning now. That was what Makovsky thought and, therefore, he perseveringly strove to do his best in fulfilling each training assignment.

"Flying well is by far not the main thing," Spartak would say. We must learn to hit the enemy without missing. We are not ordinary pilots, but fighter pilots. And the very



notion of "good" is different here in the combatant unit. What used to be considered quite good in the military school is not sufficient here, in the regiment guarding the border. Becoming a real air fighter is a complicated matter. Spartak was grateful to the Kacha school for having given him wings. However, if before he had considered the school instructors too exacting, he saw now that they had overlooked many blunders of the trainees, which were considered unpardonable here in the regiment.

People of experience say that to become a doctor or a teacher one must have not only knowledge of the subject, but also a calling. And what about pilots? Here, too, one had to have a calling. This calling was all the more necessary for those who wanted to become fighter pilots, who must have a special knack distinguishing them from other pilots. That Makovsky had this particular calling and knack soon became evident to all his colleagues. Within a year after joining the regiment he had already achieved a standard of performance which was in no way different from that of the "old-timers". And it should be borne in mind that many of the regiment's veterans were distinguished combatant pilots.

It was said that Spartak conducted a mock air battle in Chkalov's manner, and some pilots admitted that they were afraid to "fight" him in the air. He rushed at his "enemy" in such a determined fashion, and at such terrific speed, that it seemed that but a moment's hesitation might bring about a collision.

To this day Spartak Makovsky remembers with gratitude his first teacher in the regiment, flight commander Fyodor Zhevlakov. And the commander well remembers his bright pupil. Many years later, when he was already a reserve colonel, Zhevlakov recalled:

"It wasn't long before I could recognize Makovsky from

the ground, by his peculiar way of acting. Here someone makes excellent turns, attacks the "enemy", skilfully evades the "fire" and disappears behind the clouds. There he pops up flying quite low over the ground and, tipping the wings, makes a landing approach. There is no doubt of it, it's Makovsky. Sometimes during a mock fight I would make the overload so great that I myself would hardly be able to stand it, but he would not give in. It used to give me joy watching him fly. Of course, I never let him know how I felt about it. I remember, tugging a cone-shaped mock target once, Makovsky made short work of his shooting drill somehow. "God help you," I thought, "if I don't find a single hole in the mock target. You'll get it in the neck all right then!" A check-up showed that the exercise had been fulfilled very well. And this would happen very often. The young pilot was falling into line quickly and with confidence. Yes, he was hot-tempered, but that passes with the years."

But with Makovsky it did not pass. He remained hot-tempered all his life. It may have been thanks to this quality that he performed such exploits which astonished even the bravest of the aces. But that will be dealt with further on.

... It is quiet in the officers' hostel. The pilots and technicians have gone to dance at the club. Spartak had also intended to go, after he finished reading the novel *The Rout* by Fadeyev. But when he finished reading he was unable to switch over at once from the year 1919 to 1940. He fell to thinking about the difficult times of the Civil War and about the people whose characters were so well delineated by the writer. His father had been such an underground fighter and a guerrilla in the rear of the White Guards. . . Spartak remembered about a letter received that morning. He took it out of his map-case and re-read it. . .

The letter was from his father. After the customary regards and information about everybody's health his father



inquired about his service. Realizing that the service might not be easy to his son who was not yet too strong, Iosif Ivanovich tried to encourage his son, saying: "Remember that you come from the family of a Zaporozhyn Cosack, be proud of that! But being proud alone will not do, you must show by deeds that hot blood runs through your veins."

Spartak took some more of his father's letters from his night-table. Looking through them he discovered that almost each one contained an allusion either to his father's remote ancestors or to his friends revolutionaries. "The other day I got a letter from Tipalov. . . That very man who. . . you remember?" He had no doubt that Spartak remembered his stories about the Pavlodar prison and about Tipalov who was one of the three men that had remained alive after the execution of the prison inmates. Not directly, but in an off-hand manner did Iosif Makovsky remind his son of the baiton that was being passed to the younger generation by their fathers and grandfathers.

The radio loudspeaker was turned on at low volume. Makovsky was so absorbed in re-reading his father's letters that he did not hear the broadcast. And now he started listening, they were giving the news. . . The country was living its peaceful creative life. The third five-year plan for the development of the national economy was being successfully implemented, two or three new or reconstructed industrial enterprises commissioned each day. The news for that day was also good—the construction of one more mine had been completed in the Urals; a new highway, over four hundred kilometres long, had been laid in Kazakhstan; there was a report from Kuibyshev about the putting into operation of the first floating sub-station at the construction site of a hydroelectric power plant; harvesting was in full swing on the collective farms of Tadzhikistan; in the Kursk region they had started converting the

River Seim along a length of 96 kilometres into a waterway suitable for navigation. . .

But things were quite alarming abroad. There was fighting between the British and the Germans over the British Channel, between the British and the Italians in the Mediterranean and Africa, between the Chinese and the Japanese in China.

Spartak turned off the radio, sat buried in thought for a long time. Then he wrote an answer to his father's letter and went to bed earlier than usual. He was to be on duty the following day.

The Japanese pilots often violated the air borders of the Soviet Union. They also crossed the border on that hot July day when Junior Lieutenant Makovsky was on duty. The moment the report came from the observation post that two Japanese planes had violated the border in such and such an area a rocket went up into the sky and following it the pilots Makovsky and Andryushchenko darted up into the sky, too.

How eager they were that day to cross arms with the intruders! But the Japanese knowing only too well that they could not expect anything good from an encounter with Soviet fighter planes, hastily turned homewards. Should they pursue and intercept them? No, the pilots were strictly forbidden to cross the border. On no account should they permit themselves to be provoked. Spartak had to make a great effort to restrain himself as he flew across the line along which the Japanese plane was flying. . .

The two pilots on duty landed and the technician Mikhail Ikonnikov came up to Makovsky's plane.

"How did the plane work during the flight?"

"Excellently! No complaints."

This was the merit not only of the technician but of the pilot as well. More than two decades have passed since



those flights. Recently Ikonnikov sent me a letter in which he recalls the way Makovsky had always valued and appreciated the work of technicians and the way he loved his plane.

"A distinctive feature of Spartak as an officer," he writes, "was his being very exacting. A person who did not know him well might be inclined to consider him a dry man and an army prig. But in actual fact his exactness and outward dryness concealed the kind heart of a man who was capable of understanding his friend and helping him when help was needed. In the hours of service he was a commander who required, from those under him, precision in the fulfilment of the prescribed order. And when not doing his service he was a comrade always ready to share whatever he had.

"In training he was indefatigable, able to fly an end of time. I remember one time when we were stationed at an aerodrome to which, because of bad roads, it was difficult to transport petrol. The commander ordered Makovsky to deliver the petrol by the R-5 plane. And yet in awful heat of the summer, after flying eight to ten times to the near-by aerodrome and back, he did not miss a single training flight on a battle plane. He used to say: "Success in learning comes to those who try to achieve it. And the way to achieve it lies in perseverance."

## WAR!

### ■ Alarm!

This signal often rang out in the garrison. It also rang out on June 22, 1941.

What did it mean—another violation of the border by the Japanese? We'll drive them away immediately and

we'll soon hear the all clear signal. These thoughts flashed through the pilots' minds as they ran towards the planes. But why don't the pair of aircraft on duty take off?

Unusual silence reigns on the aerodrome. Pilots, technicians and mechanics have gathered near the take-off strip. Stern and grave are the faces of the airmen. War! The German fascists have perfidiously attacked the Soviet Union. The commander gives the condition No. 1 order.

Spartak Makovsky stood near his plane, helmet in hand. A light breeze blew through his hair. His thoughts were not here, but where the fierce battle was raging. He had seen war only in the cinema. Now he remembered the shooting of a film on the banks of the Dnieper when he was a boy... The machine-guns are blazing away, the cannons are firing, the houses drawn on ply-wood are burning... The enemy attack has been beaten off, there are hundreds of "corpses" on the bank. Then the film director shouts something into the loudspeaker and the "corpses" rise. A game... But this was no game. Now real towns and villages were burning there, in the West of the country. There were dead bodies of people in the fields, in the streets, and on the roads... With a heavy heart he imagined the horrible picture of war's reality. And from that time on he knew no peace...

"Please send me to the front."

The commander looked up at Makovsky attentively.

"I understand you, Junior Lieutenant. You have a battle plane, tried-out weapons and some experience, so you want to immediately engage the enemy in fighting. Zhev-lakov, Lebedev and many more of your colleagues also want to do so. Some of them have already come to talk to me about this. Well, shall we chuck guarding the border? Shall we open the gate to our amiable neighbour and say: 'Please enter our country from the east?' "



The commander made a pause and then went on in a low voice:

"I'm also a fighter pilot and I'm also eager to fight. . . To all appearance this is not a war that will last a day or two. Your turn will come. . ."

Spartak returned to his plane. By the expression on his face his friends understood that the talk with the commander had not yielded the desired results. But his desire was exactly what each of them wanted. Comrade Iron told the pilots: "We must wait as long as they need us here", but their hearts and minds were where the fighting was going on.

The news from the battlefields was not comforting. The little flags on the large map indicating the front line were moving ever more eastward. The German host was trampling the land of Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Byelorussia and the Ukraine. . . This went on for so many days that the same phrase was repeated in the Soviet Information Bureau communiques: "Our troops engaged the enemy in hard fighting all along the front line." The situation was particularly grave on the western sector of the front. The fascists were intent upon a break-through to Moscow. Nor were things any better in the south. And how did it go at home? He had not heard from his folks for a long time. . .

\* \* \*

... On June 22, 1941, as soon as the news of Hitler Germany's attack on the Soviet Union was reported over the radio, the pensioner Iosif Makovsky came to his plant's Party Committee and declared he was prepared to fulfil any task or assignment.

"And how about your health?"

"Who talks of health now? While I'm on my feet and my hands can hold a gun there's nothing the matter with my health and I'm quite fit."

But, in fact, he was seriously ill. So much so, that he had to give up working at the plant. Five years ago he had been granted a pension as a disabled person, but he had continued to work. However, the wounds received in Siberia made themselves ever more strongly felt and told on his health. By the end of 1940 there was a sudden change for the worse in his health and from the 1st of January 1941 he stopped working. The well-deserved rest of the former soldier did not even last six months... Once again his Motherland called on him to fight.

On June 26, the Telegraph Agency of the Ukraine reported:

"The fascists are trying to send their agents—spies, saboteurs and provocateurs—to our rear. It has been established that the fascists drop parachuter-saboteurs in groups of five and ten, disguised in the uniforms of Soviet militiamen, railwaymen and Red Army men. They have been set the task of destroying military and industrial objectives, disrupting communications and railways, spying, signalling to enemy planes, causing panic and spreading provocative rumours among the population."

Special detachments were set up to fight the saboteurs. They were made up of workers, collective farmers and intellectuals able to use arms. Iosif Makovsky was appointed to command one of these detachments.

Here he is unfolding a large-scale map of Zaporozhye and its environs. The points where posts have been set up are marked on the map. These posts must be re-enforced. Not a single fascist agent must be allowed to penetrate to the dam.

The commander scans the outline of the Dnieper banks,



the lines of railways and highways, the squares representing newly erected buildings. Everything here has been familiar to him since he was a boy. Within this square is the small rural settlement of Zelyony. Iosif Makovsky put a dot to mark the location of his house. Not far from this spot had been his father's small plot of land which he had obtained after the abolition of serfdom. For over half a century his father had paid compensation for this strip of land. "By the pear-tree" was what the villagers had named the place. After building a house Ivan Makovsky had planted a wild pear-tree near it. It grew very large and from it came the name of the place. Now the slabbing of the "Zaporozhtal" works was located in this place. And here was the pride and wonder of the country—the Dniiper hydroelectric station. The curve of the dam was clearly shown on the map. And all this that was so near and dear to the heart was now being encroached upon by the hateful enemy whose tentacles were already stretching out into the area. One must be on the alert and look sharp. Makovsky knew neither peace nor rest.

The former manager of the magnesium plant, E. A. Sinchenko, recalls:

"Once in July 1941, Iosif Makovsky called at my office and said that he had captured a spy.

"Where is he?"

"In the reception room."

"Under what pretext have you brought him here?"

"Under the pretext of obtaining permission to get registered."

"I asked the detained person to come in. I met his attentive gaze, which was cock-sure to the point of insolence. On the face of it there seemed to be nothing wrong with the passport issued to him in Kishinev and registered there. Then, on his own initiative, he produced

a document stating that he worked with the Kishinev Air Defence Command.

"Everything is all right with your papers," I said to him, "only your passport has to be registered in the old part of the town. Comrade Makovsky will help you with that".

"The owner of the produced documents reacted quite calmly to that and he and Makovsky left 'to get the registration'. Late that night Makovsky informed me that the man had 'got his permanent registration.'"

The detained man had turned out to be one of the White Guards, a former resident of those parts, who had fled abroad at the end of the Civil War. He had been trained at a German espionage school and at the beginning of the war he had been dropped in the Zaporozhye region, the place of his birth, for the purpose of carrying out sabotage.

This was just one incident in Makovsky's vigorous activity as head of the special detachment.

The situation at the front became more and more alarming. By the middle of July 1941, Latvia, Lithuania, Byelorussia, Moldavia and most of the Ukraine were in the hands of the enemy. The evacuation of industrial enterprises from the front-line areas, which had been started in accordance with a plan elaborated by the Government in the first days of the war, was now speeded up and intensified. In the summer and autumn of 1941 more than one thousand five hundred enterprises, mainly large ones, were evacuated to the eastern regions of the country. No country had ever had to tackle such a formidable task.

Among the evacuated enterprises were the famous Zaporozhye metallurgical and engineering plants. This difficult and strenuous task took a month and a half, from



August 19 to October 3. Tens of thousands of cars loaded with equipment and materials were shipped to the Urals, Siberia and Central Asia. The magnesium plant at which Iosif Makovsky had worked was also evacuated. The women and children were taken off in an organized manner from the threatened areas.

The German Fascist troops were on the closest approaches to Zapovednoye. For a week Iosif had kept in a pocket a document given to him by the District Soviet of Working People's Deputies. This document stated:

"This is to certify that citizen I. I. Makovsky and his family consisting of two people are being evacuated from the front-line area to the hinterland of the Soviet Union—to the Ordjonikidze territory. Soviet and Party organizations are hereby requested to render them every possible assistance."

"Iosif, it's time to start off, can't you hear they're shooting quite near us?" his wife said. "Others have already left."

"We'll manage."

And, indeed, they did manage, but at the very last moment. The Germans had already taken over the Island of Khortitsa within the boundaries of the city when Iosif Ivanovich came running home and shouted: "Get ready!"

Suddenly, no one knew from where, there appeared a cart. Makovsky with his wife and daughter and two more women and their children from the Zelyony settlement loaded their things and climbed on. They did not manage to take along a crumb. Yefimka Anisimovna was ever so grateful to the cook of the Red Army field kitchen set up near their house, he gave her a piece of dough. It was a good thing they had managed to take along her husband's lounge suit trousers (they had failed to find the coat in the hurry-scurry) which they later exchanged

for two kilogrammes of flour during their journey. They made flat cakes and baked them on the bonfire, and when they found some potatoes in the field they also baked them in the ashes. It took them five days to get to the station of Yasinovataya.

Makovsky did not get to the Ordjonikidze territory. The evacuées did not go where they wanted, but where they were taken. It wasn't the sort of situation in which you could sit calmly and wait for another train. With their bundles, sacks and trunks people virtually stormed the trains, not caring a straw whether it happened to be a passenger or freight train. Nor did it matter to the railway authorities who were mainly concerned with getting the old people, women and children, as quickly as possible, away from the area where the shells and bombs were exploding.

With difficulty the Makovskys got into the carriage and found a place in a corner. Dead tired they were immediately lulled to sleep by the rhythmical click-clack of the wheels. They travelled one day, then another, and then still another... In those days the trains did not run as fast as nowadays, especially when they were not bound for the front. On the third day the evacuées got off at the station of Krasny Kut, about 120 kilometres from Saratov.

"Iosif, where shall we go?" Yefimia Anisimovna asked in the manner of one completely at a loss what to do.

"To the district Party Committee," he replied. "Wait for me here."

The first thing to do, Iosif Ivanovich decided, was to go to the local Party Committee and report: "Member of the Communist Party Makovsky has arrived and is at your disposal." He did so.

"Excellent," said the Party Committee secretary. "We



need people badly. But I see that you are very tired, so rest for a couple of days."

He summoned his assistant and asked him to see to it that the newcomers are accommodated in the collective farm named after Shchott.

The long journey had exhausted Yefimia Anisimovna. Her physical exhaustion was coupled with anxiety for her sons at the front and concern about the relatives who had remained in the Ukraine. She became ill and for some time was incapacitated for work. As to Iosif Ivanovich and their daughter Klara they worked from early morning till late at night. The father was a horse driver on the cattle-breeding farm and the daughter was a trailer hand in a tractor team.

When the postman finally began to come to the Makovskys, Yefimia Anisimovna's spirits rose. Her children's letters gave her courage and vigour. Spartak and Pyotr were alive. But she heard nothing from Dmitry, and, in all probability, would never hear from him again. She was becoming reconciled to the thought that he was dead.

Iosif had already fitted himself into the new environment, but the thought that he was confined to the rear constantly preyed on his mind. Though he had not fully recovered from the shell-shock received while defending the Dnieper hydroelectric station dam, yet he went to the military commissar and asked to be enlisted in the army.

Soon he was near Stalingrad, transporting shells and cartridges to the front line. It was near Stalingrad that, for the first time during the war, he had felt the joy of victory—he had seen the officers and soldiers of Hitler's "invincible" army taken prisoner. Together with the advancing troops Iosif Makovsky marched westwards. But he was not to stay long at the front. He was shell-shocked again and found himself in a hospital not far from the

village where his family lived. The moment he felt better he went against to the military commissar to ask to be sent to the front. But this time he received a flat refusal.

"You can be of great service to the Army here as well," the commissar said to him.

"Well, what can I do here?"

"You could be of service, for example, in the Kacha pilot training school."

"In the Kacha school?" Makovsky asked with surprise. "It is probably the one my son used to go to. It was near Sevastopol."

"Yes. But now it's here, in Krasny Kut."

"Oh, so that's where their headquarters are?"

The officer phoned the chief of the school and asked him to see Makovsky.

"The name is Iosif Ivanovich Makovsky. Sure. He'll tell you everything himself. He's coming right away."

Replacing the receiver the officer told Makovsky how to get to the school.

In a few days the father was writing to tell his son that he, too, was with the Air Force. Guess where? The Kacha Order of the Red Banner Pilot Training School!

His versatile skills made Iosif Ivanovich a prime acquisition to the school staff. A driver, mechanic and electrician, familiar with all sorts of tools, he was the very man for the tool shop of the school maintenance unit. He was instructing the young people and helping with repairs.

## ADMITTED BY UNANIMOUS VOTE

■ The regiment was at constant combat readiness. So the technicians and mechanics never went far from the



planes, living in a sort of hovel they had made for the purpose some fifty yards away. The pilots could use the hostel, where it was dry and warm. But that autumn of 1941 many of them, following Spartak Makovsky's example, preferred to live in the temporary huts. They shared all the hardships with the technicians, helping to maintain the planes in No. 1 condition.

The war was in its fourth month. Member of the Young Communist League, Spartak Makovsky anxiously read the reports from the front and listened to the news from the Ukraine. Poltava had been abandoned. The bulletin mentioned partisan activity in the Dniepropetrovsk region. So it, too, had been occupied by the enemy. And the Zaporozhye region was next to it...

An emergency situation had developed in the centre. Disregarding their losses, the Germans were trying to break through to Moscow. They were at the approaches to the capital.

Spartak was gloomy and uncommunicative. He had no mind for anything but training, for he had a feeling that any day he might be summoned to the front. And while there was still time to learn, he should make his plane yield all it could. Exercise air combats had been increasing in scale, brought almost to the fighting pitch.

They read and re-read press reports from the front, eagerly discussing those which featured aerial action.

Once Makovsky entered the classroom while a pilot was reading aloud a *Pravda* report on air fighting over the Volga. The correspondent related how Lieutenant Novikov, covering a key position, had engaged several enemy fighters at once. One Junkers tore *trien* behind a cloud, making a bombing run at the battery. Novikov manoeuvred his plane out of the enemy encirclement and overtaking the Junkers cut off its tail with the propeller.

The bomber crashed to the ground and exploded at a safe distance from the battery.

"It isn't clear," Makovsky said breaking the silence.

"What isn't clear?"

"I don't see how the pilot managed to disengage himself from the enemy fighters."

Immediately, an argument flared up. Small objects within reach were tossed on to the table and arranged in a big circle. Inside, they placed a red pencil. How could it get away unscathed? Suggestions were made from every side. Some were dismissed out of hand, others were heatedly discussed. Spartak listened, saying nothing himself. He was trying to understand how the pilot had cut off the bomber's tail. Had he escaped with his life?

"What about the propeller?" he asked aloud.

Everybody turned to face him. The question had obviously occurred to them too. Indeed, if a fighter should hit an enemy plane with his propeller, the latter would in all probability break. The plane would lose control and begin to spin. Following his own train of thought Spartak answered the question himself:

"You don't think of yourself, though. There's the order. If you've been told to cover the battery, cover it you must, and to hell with the consequences."

Had Lieutenant Novikov paid with his life? After a hot debate, they concluded that he had either managed to get out of the spin and landed on the steppe or parachuted to safety.

Picking up the newspaper, Makovsky skimmed through the front and back page. Then he unfolded it and finding something of interest settled down at the window to read.

The article that had caught his attention was about air battles over the Baltic area. What a variety of planes the enemy had: Messerschmitts, Fiats, Capronis, Fokke-



Wulfs, Heinkels... To overcome them one should know well their combat capabilities and also the pilots' tricks. The authors of the article attached great importance to cooperation of pairs of planes and of the group as a whole, ability to combine fire with manoeuvre. At the same time they cautioned against excessive evolutions, for in that case the pilot might disengage from the group and, as a consequence, would not be able to cut off the enemy from his twin's tail. Spartak made a mental note of these points meaning to try them out during the exercise.

That night he could not sleep for a long time. He kept thinking about how hard it was for the soldiers at the front and how much it would take to achieve final victory. Nearly every report stressed that Communists conducted themselves with great heroism. He recalled his father's parting words, and thought that he, too, should take his place in the ranks of Lenin's Party. The idea had occurred to him before, but each time he was about to write the application he was prevented by the thought that he had not done enough to merit admission. This time, however, he was fully determined to apply the very next day.

When morning came, Makovsky went straight to the secretary of the regimental Party organization and later wrote this:

*Local Party organization  
48th Fighter Regiment*

*Junior Lieutenant S. I. Makovsky,  
YCL member*

*I ask the Party organization of the 1st unit to admit me as a candidate member to the CPSU (Bolsheviks). In the present situation, when the German imperialists have attacked our socialist Motherland and the entire Soviet people have risen to its defence, I want to be a Communist. And if the Party and Government will send me into battle against German fascism, I shall defend my Motherland to my last breath, my last*

*drop of blood, in the name of final victory over the foes of the only socialist state in the world.*

*I have read and studied the Programme and Rules of the CPSU (Bolsheviks) and I shall carry out with honour the assignments of the Party organization.*

*Makovsky*

*October 10, 1941*

To look at the pilots, technicians and mechanics sitting on the wilted grass one might think they were taking a short rest between flights as was their usual custom. But a small table covered with a crimson cloth belied the conclusion, pointing unmistakably to the solemnity of the occasion.

Spartak was too excited to sit and wait. He stood leaning against the wing of a plane, examining something in his notebook.

"Come, sit down. It's about to begin," somebody said softly, and gave his flying overalls a tug.

The meeting was opened. The secretary began by reporting on the fulfilment of previous decisions of the Party organization. Then he answered questions. It was nothing out of the ordinary. They were speaking about familiar things and gradually Spartak calmed down. Then it came: "The Party organization has received an application from Section Commander Junior Lieutenant Makovsky." The secretary read the application. Then he mentioned that the applicant had been recommended by Deputy Regiment Commander Doroshenkov and Secretary of the Party Bureau Yesin. He read the recommendations.

It made Spartak shy to hear the many good words those who recommended him found to say. Catching the glances of his comrades, he even shrugged his shoulders to show that if people chose to overpraise him it was not his fault anyway.



"Are there any questions to Makovsky?" the secretary asked.

"We'd like to hear his biography."

Spartak approached the table. After a moment's silence he began:

"I was born in Siberia, in 1920. I finished the seven-year school at Zapomozhye. Then I was an electrician at a plant. I joined a flying club and later graduated the Kacha pilot training school. Since March 1939, I have been serving with this unit. That's the whole of my biography."

"What are your parents?"

Spartak did not believe it good form to refer to his father's activities during the Revolution and Civil War. But the question had been asked and he had to answer. What he told the meeting was nothing short of a revelation to them. Afterwards some of his colleagues rebuked him for having been so closemouthed. But Spartak did not see why he should advertize his father's merits. It wasn't he who had done anything worth while. And even then he would not blab about it.

The meeting unanimously resolved to admit Spartak Makovsky to the Communist Party as a candidate member.

• • •

If a man can be known by his friends, he can also be known by his letters. Spartak wrote often to his parents and to his sister. The letters took two weeks or more to reach them from the Far East. When they arrived, there was great rejoicing in his family. Unfortunately only few of the letters sent in the first year of the war have been preserved.

In almost each of his letters Spartak expressed confidence that the day was not far off when the enemy would be routed and the family reunited at Zaporozhye.

The invaders had seized Orel, Kharkov and Taganrog. Yet he wrote to his sister: "We shall meet in Zaporozhye in the not too distant future." The Germans had broken through the defences of the Crimean Front and were furiously storming Sevastopol—and Lieutenant Makovsky wrote from the Far East: "The day shall come when the Red Army will have inflicted final defeat on the marauding Hitler army, and the Red Banner will proudly wave again over the towns and villages temporarily occupied by the fascists. There will be a day when we will all meet again in our native Zaporozhye to build a glorious future."

What gave him such confidence and optimism? It was his unshakable faith in the people's tenacity and courage, in their determination to fight the invader and defend their freedom no matter the cost. A people inspired by such noble ideas, led by a party that has been tempered in struggle, is invincible. The awareness of this permeated Spartak's being—it was instinctive. That was why even in the most difficult days, during the summer of 1942, when enemy troops broke through the defences of the Bryansk and South Western fronts, when they were straining towards Stalingrad and, having forced the Don, pressed on to the North Caucasus, Spartak wrote to his father that those successes were but of a passing nature, that soon the Hitlerites would have to get down from their high horse.

Only one thoroughly convinced of the victorious outcome of the war could preserve such equanimity and sense of humour. Spartak would send his sister regards from Mount Sinaya or write that since he had a motorcycle, it



only remained for him "to buy a gun and get himself a wife and have all the trouble in the world a man may want". Or he wrote that Mikhail Ikonnikov, sitting next to him, was "chopping wood for smokes". Out of consideration for his sister's ignorance he further explained that the "wood" was home-made tobacco.

His letter to his father dated April 26, 1942, is signed "Lieutenant Makovsky". That was his way of informing Iosif Makovsky that his son had been promoted.

Nothing could ever make Spartak forget his filial duty. The regularity with which he sent letters home is sufficient proof. Each letter is full of concern for his parents' health and well-being. He avoided sentimental professions and used a matter of fact style designed to allay his mother's fears. "Mother dear," he wrote in a letter, "pray let me know if you are in good health. I beg you, dear Mother, try not to worry so about me."

When they received a letter bearing an unfamiliar postmark, Iosif Ivanovich understood that his son was in a new place. But not at the front yet, for then the letter would have been marked "Field Post". As a matter of fact Lieutenant Makovsky was at that time on his way to the front. As soon as he arrived there and learned his unit's address he wrote to his parents. But all he had time to write was: "Here I am, at the front." We shall yet return to that day later on.

In late autumn of 1942, a group of pilots, including Makovsky, Lebedev and others, arrived in Novosibirsk where a fighter air corps was being formed.

"We are almost there," was Spartak's comment. "The front is a shorter way from here than home."

What he referred to as "home" was the small garrison on the Far Eastern border where he had begun his life as a pilot and where he had spent nearly four years. It

had been a measured, well-regulated life. He had understood his assignments perfectly and carried them out well. But what was in store for him now?

With absorbed attention the pilots read every report from the front. The Stalingrad victory raised their spirits and fired them with fresh enthusiasm. Like every true patriot, Spartak had found it hard to bear the withdrawal of Soviet troops during the initial months of the war. Then the question "When and where will the enemy be stopped?" was on everybody's lips. The sweeping Soviet counter-offensive at the end of 1941 near Moscow had furnished the answer. And now an even more crushing blow fell on the enemy at the Volga.

"What inexhaustible, what titanic strength we have, after all," Makovsky kept thinking. While battles of unparalleled scope and intensity were raging at the front, in the deep rear more regiments, divisions and armies were formed and equipped. Factories were turning out tanks, guns, planes and ammunition at an ever increasing rate.

It had needed a superior organizing force to turn the vast country into a consolidated military camp. That force was the Party of Communists. People had implicit confidence in it. They retained this confidence even when they had to leave behind their imperilled homes, to evacuate their towns and villages. They were confident that under the leadership of the Party they would be able to turn the tides of war. And indeed they did. The strength of Lenin's Party lies in the millions of its members, with whom the interests of the people come before everything. "And now I too have joined its ranks," Spartak reflected. "It is a great honour and a great responsibility."

There was already snow on the ground when the unit disembarked on an airfield near Moscow.



"We'll be getting acquainted with our latest-type fighters and also with the German planes," the commander announced.

The acquaintance commenced the very next day. First Spartak and his friends just looked on as two experienced pilots, only recently recalled from the front, demonstrated an air combat between a German ME-109 and a Soviet YAK. From the ground, the newcomers assessed the planes' performance and the pilots' skill.

"Well?" asked Regiment Commander Alexander Doroshenkov, joining the group.

"Seems easy enough from here," Makovsky replied. "You've got to go up there and see."

That was just why they were there, to go up and see. Air fights were staged every day. Doroshenkov piloted a ME-109 and Makovsky—followed now by Borden, now by Merkulov—attacked him. They learned to recognise the different types of enemy planes, did tactical exercises, practised the antillak manoeuvre, emergency landing, etc.

On April 14, 1943, Makovsky's regiment landed on the Klinovets aerodrome, near Belgorod. It was a bare field with a forty-metre long brick runway and no shelters either for planes or personnel, nor any communication line. There was no observation tower, nor any timber anywhere around to put one up.

The sun was setting behind the horizon of the steppe. What would the morning bring?

## BAPTISM OF FIRE

■ It happened at about two in the afternoon. About a dozen German ME-110s swung heavily from behind the

clouds. The regiment commander snatched out his flare pistol and fired. Captain Shepel's alert squadron took off while the flare was still in the air.

Once I wrote to Spartak Makovsky asking him to describe what happened on that day—the day he received his baptism of fire. Here is what he wrote back:

"The moment I saw the enemy planes assume combat formation and go into a dive I started the engine and began the ground run without taxiing to the runway. Suddenly there were two explosions right in the take-off path. I killed speed and swinging the plane to the right ran it along the side of the runway, across the bare soggy soil overgrown with grass. It was heavy going, of course. Finally I got it off the ground and when it was some fifteen metres up a bomb burst just beneath. I immediately banked to the right and at the same moment saw two more bursts. Retracting the landing gear and making sure that the aircraft was well under control, I hastened to join the four fighters which had taken to the air before me and were already in combat. The enemy planes were chased away.

"Flying in pursuit, I crossed the front line and on the return was shelled by German anti-aircraft fire. I manoeuvred, changed height and speed several times, and escaped. Only, I could not immediately find my own airfield and had to radio for flares.

"When I was not far from the ground, I could observe the damage incurred during the raid: numerous craters on the runway and parking place. I landed some distance from the runway, between craters. When I had taxied up, Zhuravlyov, a technician, and engineer Shusterman came up to me:

"'Congratulations! If you've pulled through this time, you'll bear a charmed life to the end of the war.'



"Then they told me how the Hitlerites had tried to finish me off on the ground with shells and bombs. In a word, they had 'baptized' me with a will.

"I saw Sergeyevich, a mechanic, running towards us. He was limping badly.

"'Are you safe?' he gasped.

"'As you see,' I answered.

"'Do you know why it took you so long to hop off? I was hanging on to your tail. I'd expected to warm up the engine first.'

"The mechanic had jumped off, or, rather, dropped off, when the plane was some two metres up. Luckily he got off with just a sprained ankle."

The Air Force was very active, especially in the Kuban area, where the fighting proceeded with alternate success. In the second half of April it became particularly intense north-west of Novorossiisk. It was there that the fighter pilot Makovsky's real combat life began. His fame also dates from that period.

By that time the Soviet Army had completed the liberation of many towns and villages and details of the invaders' inhuman atrocities came to light. Zaporozhye was still languishing under the German jackboot. Makovsky often thought of his fellow-citizens' plight. Indeed, the town, if he could have seen it, presented a dismal sight. The streets were desolate. The few passers-by there shambled along with downcast heads. From time to time they would look around apprehensively, glance nervously at their watches to make sure they had enough time before curfew. The walls of the buildings and fences were plastered with threatening orders issued by the Kommandant.

Here are some examples.

April 1, 1942. In Mokraya township children damaged the telephone wires. The inhabitants are notified that in the

event anything of the kind occurs elsewhere the guilty persons will be executed, whether they be adults or children.

April 15. Anybody putting up a civilian for the night without permission from the Burgomaster will be shot.

April 22. Some of the inhabitants do not show up for work under various pretexts. The authorities warn that refusal to work is punishable by death.

November 5. Persons apprehended in the vicinity of the Kichkas Kommandantur are liable to the death penalty.

On February 24, 1943, it was announced that ten Communists had been shot in retaliation for the killing of a German officer by an unknown person.

The more precarious their position became, the more vehement the Germans grew. They shot and hanged thousands of Zaporozhye inhabitants for no reason other than that they desired their freedom.

As Spartak learned afterwards, during the occupation of Zaporozhye the Nazi fiends tortured to death or shot forty-three thousand men, women and children. Fifty-eight thousand citizens were deported to Germany as slave labour. Before they cleared out, the invaders had demolished as many enterprises, amenities and dwellings as they could. The town was in ruins. Spartak saw it all with his own eyes when he came home for a week's stay shortly after Zaporozhye had been liberated. But we shall speak about that later. At the time Spartak was seized by an irresistible desire to strike and strike at the enemy until the last drop of blood and the last tear they had caused was fully avenged.

On April 20, 1943, Lieutenant Makovsky scored his first individual victory. This is how Major Doroshenkov described the event recommending him for a decoration on May 3.

"On April 20, 1943, in the area of Novorossiisk, Lieutenant Makovsky at the head of a four-fighter immobilizing group was convoying our attack bombers. Encountering six



enemy aircraft of the ME-109 type about to assault our attack bombers, he immediately engaged them, preventing the attack and personally shooting down one German aircraft.

"In aerial combat Lieutenant Makovsky is fearless, determined and quickly masters the situation. A model officer, purposeful, prompt and exacting both of himself and his subordinates, he commands their unqualified respect."

Such was the first report of Makovsky's activities at the front. It is worth comparing with the efficiency report on him, written a year before when he was in the Far East:

"S. Makovsky flies by day and by night with sufficient skill. A quick and resolute fighter pilot. Hits both air and ground targets well."

On the very day, May 3, when the above document was written, Spartak Makovsky shot down another German aircraft. It was like this. A large group of German JU-87 dive-bombers assailed an attack on Soviet positions. Makovsky picked out a victim and began the chase. The Nazi tried his best to escape his relentless pursuer, but failed to outmaneuver him. Makovsky caught up with him and let off a burst. The enemy plane emitted a cloud of black smoke and rapidly went down. Spartak, who had shot past, turned and followed it. Senior Lieutenant Kochetkov, Makovsky's twin, did not understand why he was doing this. "Stop!" he shouted into the mike. "What are you chasing him for? Can't you see he's burning?"

But Makovsky wanted to see the crash. In a few seconds he saw the blast. It even seemed to him he heard it and felt its heat. But, of course, it was only his imagination.

The May 3, 1943, action report sent in by headquarters of the 43rd Fighter Regiment covered the episode in just two lines of terse official terminology: "Lieutenant Makovsky shot down a JU-87 at 17.15-18.25 north of Gostagayevskaya. The plane crashed and burned up."

On May 5, the regimental report informed: "Lieutenant Makovsky shot down a JU-88 at height 2,400-2,800 metres, at 12.35, seven-eight kilometres south-west of Krymskaya. One parachutist bailed out. The plane crashed and burned up."

Next morning the command post received a telephone call from corps headquarters. The officer of the day was asking if pilot Makovsky was anywhere about and if they could invite him to the phone. They answered that Makovsky was there, but was presently going on a combat mission.

"When he returns, you may congratulate him on his first decoration," said the officer who then rang off.

Only the day before they had congratulated Spartak on his promotion to squadron commander. Now they were pleased to repeat the procedure.

Order No. 03/N, dated May 6, 1943, and signed by Commander of the 3rd Fighter Air Corps Major-General Savitsky, runs:

"On behalf of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, for exemplary fulfilment of combat missions when fighting the German invaders at the battle front and for valour and bravery displayed to award: . . . the Order of the Patriotic War, First Class, to: . . .

4. Lieutenant Spartak Iosifovich Makovsky, Squadron Commander, 43rd Fighter Regiment."

Two days later came the fight which made his name famous in the division, and not only in the division.

## RAM ATTACK

■ One of my many visits to the Makovskys is especially memorable. It was on May 8.

In the morning, when Spartak came out of his room



*I love you*

freshly shaven, his wife, Anna Antonovna, kissed him and wished him a happy birthday. His mother came out of the kitchen to give him a hug and a blessing and wish him many happy returns of the day.

I could not understand what was going on. I knew very well that Spartak's birthday was on November 27. So why May 8? Noticing my perplexed look, Anna Antonovna explained that on May 8 her husband had a near-miraculous escape after ramming an enemy plane. So they considered it his second birth and accordingly celebrated two birthdays, one on November 27, the other on May 8.

It was nothing short of a miracle that Makovsky did not perish on May 8, 1943.

... Early that morning Lieutenant Makovsky shot down an enemy lighter while covering Soviet troops in the vicinity of Nizhnebakanskaya. Later that day his squadron took off three more times to meet enemy bombers, which quickly turned tail. During the last encounter Makovsky's plane was hit several times.

Before the pilots had time to calm down, the group was again dispatched to cover Soviet ground troops around Krymskaya and Kievskaya.

Six of them were patrolling in element formations at different heights, the lowest at 1,000 metres, when, catching sight of two German aircraft, Makovsky ordered Lieutenant Osadchiev's element to attack them. No sooner did Osadchiev go into attack, then two more German planes approached and made ready to attack him. The commander saw this and immediately ordered Lieutenant Merkulov's element to support Osadchiev.

It would have been wiser perhaps if Spartak had kept wingman, Lieutenant Kashirin, at his side. But Kashirin was impatient to lend a hand to Merkulov and Osadchiev

in the developing combat and Makovsky, who thought of his own safety least of all, raised no objection. Remaining alone, he ascended higher to better observe the fight and to give his comrades timely warning in the event of new developments.

The situation was becoming tense, and Spartak thought of joining the combat. Before descending to their height, however, he looked around once more and immediately saw another Messerschmitt flying a parallel course, although somewhat higher than he.

The enemy pilot must have noticed Makovsky at the same moment and guessed that he was in command of the group. Veering from his course, he began to descend towards Makovsky's plane.

Spartak instantly made up his mind. He abruptly rolled into a climbing turn to meet the enemy head on. The two planes were swiftly closing in. At some 500-600 metres both opened fire. Spartak fired a series of bursts, first short then long. Presently the firing ceased.

Imagine two fighter planes closing in at a speed of 400 kilometres an hour, or 110 metres a second. If they begin to close in from a distance of 1.5 kilometres, they must arrive at the same spot in exactly seven seconds.

That's not much, but still time enough to cheat death. All you need to do is turn off slightly, almost imperceptibly, from your course, and he will whizz past. Makovsky did not turn. He could clearly see the German's face through the reticle. He clenched his teeth and tightened his grip on the control stick. Momentarily it became dark—the enemy plane was so close that it eclipsed the sun for a split second.

Did he realize he was speeding to his death? Did thoughts of his past occur to him when he was thus rushing on to meet the enemy?



When I put these questions to Spartak, he said: "There wasn't the time. My friends were fighting not far away. It was bad enough for them as it was, if that German broke through to them it would not improve matters. I was there to keep him off, and the only way I could do it was by destroying him. If I thought of anything at all while we were closing, it was not to let him through to where they were fighting. So when he tore to the left under my very nose—I turned to the right. We clashed, and for a fraction of a second I blacked out. When I came to, I felt my plane was tumbling to the ground. I had to bail out. I undid the straps when it occurred to me that there were Germans below. Well, I tried to roll the plane out. Obediently, it levelled off. The altimeter showed 800 metres. I looked round and saw that a good twenty inches was neatly shaved off the right wing panel. The split ran diagonally towards the aileron. I fixed the straps, rolled into a left turn and headed for my aerodrome."

Officers of the corps headquarters, at the guidance station at the time, saw the German plane falling apart in the air. The Soviet plane, also, was falling down. But presently it picked up and made a turn. The Hitlerites, however, would not let it escape. A German fighter disengaged and flew in pursuit. It was just as well that Kashirin was not napping. He swooped on the Messerschmitt and chased it off. At this moment two other enemy planes were coming at Makovsky from the rear. He could not manoeuvre his damaged plane and radioed to Merkulov: "Cover me. Spareribs attacking from astern." (That was how they had nicknamed the Messerschmitts because of their thin fuselage.)

The support came in time. Three Soviet fliers escorted Makovsky to the front line. Then two of them went back

into combat while Junior Lieutenant Kashirin went along with Makovsky.

"Will she pull as far as the aerodrome?" Makovsky was thinking anxiously.

The engine went dead when there were still some ten kilometres to Slavyanskaya. It became so quiet that the pilot could hear the air whistling in his ears.

The speed indicator showed 380. He could still glide at that speed. The main thing was not to let it go into a spin.

There was less than a metre between him and the ground. He switched off the magneto and rested his left hand firmly on the sight bracket, preparing to bellyland. Spartak saw some tussocks ahead, but he could not avoid them—it was too late. There was a sharp impact. The plane swung to the left and Spartak was thrown against the side of the cockpit. Another tussock—and a fresh wild lurch. All was a turbid swirl of sand and dust. It filled his mouth, his ears, his eyes... But his mind continued to register what was happening. The water radiator popping off... then the oil radiator... now the airfoils, one after the other. There was nothing left but the fuselage.

The explosion might follow any second now. Spartak unstrapped himself, got out of the cockpit and running a few metres away sat down on his parachute. To this day it beats him how he managed to do it all.

With a heavy heart Kashirin watched the landing. He took the thick cloud of dust for smoke and even fancied he saw a flare of flame. He concluded that the worst had happened. He had to hurry, if Spartak were still alive he might yet be saved.

From the regiment observation post they saw two aircraft approaching the aerodrome. One was obviously



damaged. It began to descend too early and then disappeared from sight altogether. The other was about to land.

Pilots and technicians ran towards it. The moment the plane stooped Kashirin jumped out and pointing in the direction of Makovsky's plane shouted: "Quick! Spartak has crashed!" Regiment navigator Captain Volchikov, Doctor Prokobei, Kashirin and some other officers jumped into a car and in a few minutes arrived at the site of the accident. Makovsky was immediately taken to the medical station.

He was badly injured. His thigh hurt terribly. Still, he flatly refused to be taken to hospital.

The first to pay him a visit was Lebedev, commander of the neighbouring unit.

"So you've cracked it up," he said.

"So I have," Spartak admitted.

"Well done!"

"What do you mean 'Well done!'?"

"I mean that you've pulled out."

"Are you mad with me?"

"Not at all. But I'm not taking any more chances, so help me."

To explain this odd dialogue we must tell you that before his last encounter that day, Makovsky had made four sorties. After the last of these his plane had quite a few holes, which could not possibly be patched up before the squadron had to take off on patrol over Krymskaya. Where should he get a plane? Spartak went to Lebedev:

"I have a mission and my plane is out of order. Could I borrow yours?"

"I'd say no to anybody else but you," was the answer.

"See you don't smash it, though."

"Sure I will," Spartak teased.

He spoke the truth, though he did not know it. To quote the report, "the aircraft has been damaged and needs capital repairs".

That explains Lebedev's solemn promise never again to lend his plane to anybody.

For more than two weeks Makovsky's name was absent from operation reports. First they kept him at the medical station (he would not be sent off to a hospital). Then the commander would not give him permission to fly until he was quite well again.

But on May 26, the report ran: "9.16-10.10 six aircraft under Lieutenant Makovsky flew convoy for Novikov's group in the vicinity of point 150.2." None but the most experienced and courageous fighters were ever sent to convoy Marshal Novikov's bombers and attack planes. While on a similar mission the following day, Makovsky shot down a German fighter.

## GLAD TIDINGS

■ "Father, a letter from the front!" Klara shouted bursting into the room where her father was lying in bed.

"Open it, quick! It is from Spartak or from Pyotr?"

"I can't make out, the address is in a strange hand."

Iosif Ivanovich half rose in bed. He was worried. He knew what a letter in a strange hand could contain.

Taking out the letter, Klara ran her eye over it and cried:

"Oh, Father, listen to what they write about Spartak!"

Her cry brought the mother hurrying from the kitchen. On hearing it was a letter from the front she began to cry.



"Please, Mother. It's all right. Just listen to what a hero your son is," Klara remonstrated.

"Come on, come on," her father said impatiently. "Read that letter, won't you?"

"Dear Iosif Ivanovich and Yefimia Anhimovna!" Klara began. She was reading in such a loud voice that one might think she was addressing a big audience. Her father did not like it but Klara, who already knew what the letter was about, was not to be stopped. She went on at the same pitch:

*During the short time that he has been in action against the fascist invaders, your son Spartak Iosifovich proved himself a real hero, devoted patriot and true son of his great people. A resourceful and valiant fighter, he strikes down the enemy with a rare hand.*

### Further on the letter said:

*The entire personnel of the unit takes pride in your son's exploits and in you, who have brought him up to be the man he is. Only such people as your son Spartak Iosifovich, educated by the great Lenin's Party and whole-heartedly devoted to their Motherland, can fight with such heroism for their country and people, making the fascist pay measure for measure for the misery and ruin they are causing.*

*By ramming a Messerschmitt in a violent combat your son proved the superiority of the Soviet pilot over the German pilot. When they were closing in head on, the Soviet pilot's nerves proved the stronger. The fascist swerved from the course hoping to escape. But your son did not think of his own safety. He confronted the foe and smashed his aircraft with his own.*

*This feat of heroism and his other services speak of your son's ardent devotion to his country, of his burning hatred for the despicable foe.*

*I congratulate you on being the parents of a hero and wish you good health and long years of happiness.*

*We shall be glad to hear from you. Our address is Field Post 13813.*

*Yours respectfully.*

*Major Doroshenkov, Unit Commander*

They were silent. Klara came up to her mother and put her arm around her shoulders.

The father said: "Well, give me the letter. I may want to re-read it afterwards."

Iosif Ivanovich knew of Spartak's enthusiasm and flying ability. He had gathered that from his son's letters and from what he had the occasion to hear from Spartak's friends. Still, preparing for action, and action itself were not the same thing. The letter dispelled whatever anxiety the father might have had. Now he felt proud and elated.

"Well, Mother, would you have thought it?" he said addressing his wife.

His remark brought Yefimia Anisimovna out of her reverie. She had been thinking of how frightful it was to be at war, what terrible danger her son was always exposed to... She wished with all her heart it were over soon.

"Would you have thought it?" Iosif Ivanovich repeated. "Your son winning a decoration and all that?"

"That's as it should be," Yefimia Anisimovna responded at last. "You'd better tell me what it was he did. How do you ram a plane? You must know."

If he told her the truth, she'd have no sleep then.

"Well," he said, trying to sound casual. "It's a way they have, you know. It's sending the enemy plane to the ground and keeping alive oneself."

Yefimia eyed her husband doubtfully and went off to attend to her work about the house. Klara followed her. Iosif Ivanovich put the letter under his pillow, made himself comfortable and closed his eyes.

It was twenty years since they had brought six-month-old Spartak from Siberia. And here he was—a man among men.



He drew the letter from under the pillow and began to read it slowly.

"... Only such people as your son Spartak Iosifovich, educated by the great Lenin's Party and whole-heartedly devoted to their Motherland, can fight with such heroism for their country and people ..."

"Educated by the Party," the commander had written. That was it—they and their children had been educated by the Bolshevik Party.

## FRONT-LINE ROUTINE

■ In June nights are short. Dark almost meets dawn. The commander's logical plan was to take off in the dark and be there to attack the Anapa aerodrome at daybreak.

Squadron Commander Spartak Makovskiy and his fellow-pilots broke through the heavy anti-aircraft barrage and approached the target on the dot. That bolt from the blue took the enemy by complete surprise. The German fighters had been given no time to take off and meet the Soviet planes.

Swift and sure fell the blow. As a result, ten enemy planes were burned or damaged by bombs and cannon and machine-gun fire. The group returned to their base unscathed.

Why do people so often associate daring with recklessness? It may be that it generally seems rash and imprudent to brave danger.

But if a man about to perform an act of heroism should first reflect on its possible consequences and on how he should behave in view of these consequences, then precious time would be lost, his very resolution might give way to hesitation. There are situations which leave no

room for reflection. The truly brave then have a compulsion to act, despite everything. That is not recklessness, but a very strong sense of purpose, the daring which Maxim Gorky called life's supreme wisdom.

Even pilots with long and distinguished records marvelled at Makovsky's behaviour in combat. Unexcitable, even a bit stolid under ordinary circumstances, he became a different man when he ascended in the air and spotted the enemy.

"Cut into the enemy formation!" he taught less experienced pilots, and showed them how to do it.

Perhaps after his ram attack he had faith in his luck? No, it was not that. He never relied on chance. He simply knew from experience that enemy pilots were unable to hold out against a bold head-on attack. It had a demoralizing effect on them.

Evidence was not lacking. When on May 27 Makovsky's group of six dashed point-blank at a superior enemy force, the latter hung back and turned west. On that occasion Spartak shot down a plane which had threatened his wingman. The same happened on May 29 in the area of Krymskaya, when providing cover for ground troops.

Makovsky's own style is especially evident from his conduct in a fight on September 29, 1943, not far from Zaporozhye.

That fight brought him an Order of Alexander Nevsky. Instituted in honour of the outstanding Russian military leader of the 13th century, it was awarded to officers who distinguished themselves in action by efficient leadership as well as valiant conduct. Some call it a "generals' order."

Let us turn to the regimental records for a description of that combat.

"29.9.1943, time 7.15-8.10, three YAK-9t and three



YAK-1 under Lieutenant Makovsky, providing cover for ground troops in Bolshoi Tokmak area, noticed a group of approximately 15 JU-88s flying at the height of 4,000 metres to their left. Makovsky turned his group abruptly and rushed at the enemy head on. The fascists could be observed reforming and dropping their bombs haphazardly on the vacant field below. They were preparing to meet the head-on attack.

"The valiant six, not daunted by the enemy's manoeuvre, continued their advance in contact all ready to open fire. Makovsky is an expert fighter who has carried off a number of head-on encounters and has also had experience in ramming an enemy plane.

"Leading the way, he inspired his men to follow his example and to acquit themselves like heroes. They were about to attack the fascists head on, scatter them and then deal with them one by one.

"At a distance of 1,000 metres the Junkers opened fierce sustained fire. Disregarding it completely, the six Soviet planes rushed at the JU-88s. The commander, Makovsky, was the first to open fire. The leading JU-88 burst in the air and fell 15 kilometres west of Bolshoi Tokmak. Unable to withstand the head-on assault, the rest dived and effected a disorganized withdrawal to the west.

"In the first attack Lieutenant Makovsky's plane received a shell-hole. The engine began to stall and the aircraft gained no speed. Leaving his deputy, Senior Lieutenant Filippov, in command, Makovsky safely reached his aerodrome."

It took much self-control, not to mention excellent air-manship, to reach the aerodrome and land that damaged aircraft without a hitch. Soon the other pilots also return-

ed, and Spartak learned that Andryushchenko had shot down one more enemy plane.

But why tempt fate and attack from the front? What if the German does not turn aside, if only because he is too muddled at the moment? Then—it's the clash?

When I asked Spartak these anxious questions, he was wholly unperturbed:

"And what of it? You are there to give protection to the ground troops, right? When you see a bunch of fascists ready with their bombs, you launch into them, that's all. They are only brave so long as they can hope to get away with it. When they see they are in for it, they funk. Take this fight we are talking about. At first they prepared for action. But as soon as they saw we weren't bluffing they obviously began to have second thoughts. And when their leader exploded in the air, they all turned tail like so many chickens. As to us, we just did what we were there to do. Not a bomb fell on our troops."

If I were asked to name Spartak's most striking characteristic, I would say it was his absolute honesty in everything. He never compromises with his conscience. And one more thing—he was touchingly considerate of inexperienced newcomers, fresh out of training.

"We'll be initiating him today," he would say to his comrades, alluding to a young pilot about to fly his first combat mission.

That meant that they would let him fly in front so that his concentration should oust his fear. At the same time he would be safely covered and that would give him confidence. If the group shot down an enemy plane, it almost invariably turned out that the decisive blow had been delivered by the young pilot.

"It was him, sure enough," Makovsky would say. "I was watching him all the time."



But was it? Perhaps it was not. You can't keep track of everything that is going on during a combat. Spartak, however, saw precisely what he wanted to see, and that was the young pilot's growing assurance that he, too, could knock out fascist vultures. Today, the aces had lent him a hand and tomorrow he'd do it on his own perhaps.

Encouraging news was coming in from the various fronts. The Hitlerite hordes could not recover from the smashing blow they had received at Kursk. The Soviet Army kept pressing them farther and farther west. The Soviet troops were advancing in Byelorussia, on the Kuban and in the Ukraine.

At last, Spartak was fighting the enemy in the Ukrainian skies. "I've been over my own town," he wrote in a letter. He expected the Zaporozhye line of advance to be mentioned in the Soviet Information Bureau summaries any day now. Finally it came. That was on September 15, 1943.

"Here's a familiar name!" he exclaimed on reading the report.

"You mean Zaporozhye?" asked Semyon Lebedev, who happened to be near.

"Zaporozhye, too. But here is Verbovne."

"And what proud capital is this?"

"It's the place we all used to live at in the twenties. Father was manager of the Verbovne cattle breeding state farm. Won't he be glad to read this report! He worked so hard to make the farm a success. The fascists ruined it, of course. But now it has been won back."

It so happened that soon after that his regiment was sent to Verbovne. Two days before the regiment's redeployment Spartak read a Soviet Information Bureau report which said that the successfully advancing troops of the South-Western front had broken the enemy's force

resistance and taken by storm Zaporozhye, a Ukrainian regional centre, on October 14; the Zaporozhye bridgehead of the Germans on the left bank of the Dnieper had been eliminated.

At midnight, the skies over Moscow were brilliant with garlands of sky-rockets. Twenty volleys were fired from two hundred and twenty-four guns. That was the capital saluting the Soviet troops which had liberated Zaporozhye from the fascist invaders.

Spartak learned more about it on the following day. Soviet troops had burst into the city from the north, east and south and approached the left bank of the Dnieper on the heels of the retreating enemy. Enemy soldiers frantically tried to reach the opposite bank. Those who were afraid to swim got hold of rowboats, floating logs, anything at all. But not many managed to get across. Bullets caught them on the water and sent them to the bottom.

The fascists had erected three rows of fortifications around Zaporozhye. Attaching singular importance to the Zaporozhye bridgehead, they had concentrated there the remnants of their troops in the Donbas area and had brought up fresh reinforcements of infantry, armoured units and artillery from other sectors of the front.

According to German prisoners, Hitler had given orders to keep Zaporozhye at all costs.

But even the Fuhrer's express command did not help. Harassing the enemy by day, Soviet troops made mincemeat of them by night.

\* \* \*

From the day the Zaporozhye line of advance reappeared in the information reports, Iosif Makovsky became



restless. He was impatient to return home. Fighting was still in progress in the environs of Zaporozhye when he wrote to the authorized representative of the Ukrainian Communist Party Central Committee at the Saratov Regional Committee:

"In connection with the proceeding liberation of Zaporozhye region and the town of Zaporozhye I request to be recalled from my present duties and be permitted to take part in the rehabilitation of the Party and Soviet bodies of the town and district."

Makovsky's request was granted. In early December, 1943, he returned to Zaporozhye.

The Hitlerites had burned down his house and he had to take lodgings somewhere in the neighbourhood. He walked about the settlement and looked in at the ruined plant. Everything bore the ghastly mark of enemy occupation. He realized that the newly liberated areas were badly in need of experienced Party workers and, without delay, went to the Regional Party Committee. He was heartily welcomed, apprised of the situation and given an assignment.

Neither the Regional Party Committee nor the Executive Committee of the Regional Soviet of Working People's Deputies had ceased to function during the occupation. Leaflets to the population were dropped by planes and circulated by the partisans. They called on the people to resist the invaders by sabotage, evade deportation to Germany and otherwise frustrate their designs. In late September, 1943, while the Hitlerites were still in Zaporozhye, the Regional Party Committee and the Regional Executive Committee adopted a decision on the work to be carried out by the collective farms, state farms and machine-and-tractor stations in the liberated areas. They

also took a decision bearing on the rehabilitation of the school network and cultural centres.

Party and Soviet workers arrived in the city together with the advance detachments of the Soviet Army. Their first concern was to restore the shops, to normalize the supply of food and other prime necessities for the population.

It would take an immense effort to restore the ruined city. First of all, they had to build two bridges across the Dnieper. Everybody able to work was called upon to take part. The "combat assignment" was to move ten cubic metres of soil onto the embankment. At the end of November the City Party Committee adopted a resolution on the restoration of enterprises.

"As you see, Iosif Ivanovich, there is plenty to do, and it is all urgent work," the Committee Secretary concluded. "It's good you have come so soon. For the present, go back to the magnesium plant. We'll let you know the moment we need you."

In those days Zaporozhye was still a front-line town. Enemy guns and mortars kept shelling it. In January 23, 1944, at 18.10, twenty-three German bombers raided Zaporozhye, killing 38 and wounding 75 civilians; 130 buildings were destroyed or badly damaged.

It was in this situation that Iosif Ivanovich Makovsky started on a new period of his life.

## WHEN A FRIEND NEEDS YOU

■ On July 6, 1958, the newspaper *Sovetskaya Aviatsia* (Soviet Aviation), carried a letter sent in by Vasili Krikun, a reserve officer. It bore the title "A Legendary Feat". The letter described a war-time episode of a Soviet



pilot being rescued by his friend after being forced to land his damaged plane on enemy territory.

The concluding paragraph ran: "Much water has flowed under the bridges and the story has long become a piece of war-time lore. What a pity we do not know the names of the two men."

Shortly thereafter the newspaper had occasion to publish two more comments, also by readers. They retalled a similar incident and supplied the names—Kuznetsov, who had to land on enemy territory, and Makovsky, his rescuer.

### A piece of war-time lore...

It was just after the New Year of 1944. By then the pilots of the regiment had had the benefit of eight months of active fighting and had acquired valuable experience. Above all, they had come to realize that they could hold their own against the vaunted German ace, and as often as not were more than a match for them. They had scored numerous remarkable victories. But decisive battles were still to come. Like all the soldiers at the front, they desired nothing so passionately as to rid their country of the foe and to smash him for good.

It was with such feelings that a group of fighter pilots took off on a combat mission on January 3, 1944.

What happened on that day was described in the Soviet Information Bureau report of January 4, 1944. It said that a group of Soviet pilots, under Senior Lieutenant Makovsky, had raided an enemy aerodrome on the previous day, January 3. While approaching the target, the Soviet fighters were encountered by enemy fighters. In the combat that followed four German planes were shot down. In addition, three enemy planes were burned on the ground. During the assault, pilot Kuznetsov's plane was damaged by anti-aircraft fire, causing him to make a

I LOVE YOU

forced landing on enemy-occupied territory. The Soviet pilots did not abandon their comrade. The group leader landed alongside the damaged plane, helped to burn it and brought Kuznetsov back to the home aerodrome in his own plane.

Though necessarily laconic, it makes the point perfectly. There is a minor correction to be made, however. As a matter of fact, Kuznetsov's plane did not have to be burned for it caught fire on landing.

Here is the story as it actually happened: On receiving his orders, Makovsky informed the squadron pilots: "We are to attack the aerodrome at Bolshaya Kostromka. We must approach unobserved as near as we can, and we'll cinch it. Look here." He drew out a map. "We'll do an arc and approach the target from the west, where we are least expected."

The Soviet fighters had practically approached the aerodrome before they were spotted by fascist air patrols, who attempted to break up the assault. There was a quick exchange of fire. Scattering the enemy planes, the Soviet pilots continued towards the target.

From the height of 800 metres they could see the Messerschmitts and Junkers down below on the field. There were over a dozen of them in the southern end. Spartak led his group of four to that spot while the second group, under Lieutenant Andryushchenko, dived at the anti-aircraft guns.

Makovsky's wingman, Lieutenant Kuznetsov, kept close to the commander's plane all the time. When Spartak set fire to a German plane with a well-aimed burst, Kuznetsov hit out at the flying tanker parked next to it. The roaring blast merged with the thundering of cannon and the rat-tat-tat of machine-guns.

Makovsky made a second firing pass.



After Andryushchenko's first strike at the enemy battery, the anti-aircraft fire subsided somewhat. Still Makovsky ought to have ordered at least two planes to hit the anti-aircraft guns during the second attack. He did not do this and had to pay for his oversight. His plane was damaged by anti-aircraft fire. The shell went through the keel and stabilizer. The plane, however, remained under control and, most important of all, the pilot lost none of his self-possession.

During the second attack the Soviet fighters set fire to one more enemy plane, and during the final attack, to a third. The mission was fulfilled and the pilots turned to their home base.

Viktor Kuznetsov's plane had been damaged. During the third attack, a shell hit the starboard aileron. Makovsky followed him, ready to come to his aid at any moment. When two German fighters, diving from behind a cloud, attempted to attack Kuznetsov, Spartak rushed to intercept them so resolutely that the *Hunter*s immediately beat a hasty retreat.

The front line was fast coming within view. Presently they sighted the blue streak of the Dnieper. But what was this? The Germans had launched a bridge. . . . There was a big concentration of troops. They could not permit such an opportunity to go by. Kuznetsov realized that his plane was well under control and they both dived opening machine-gun fire. The blow hit home. They decided to make another pass. But here Kuznetsov's plane caught a shell again. He levelled off and headed for the aerodrome. But why was he going down?

"What's up?" Makovsky asked over the radio. "How's the engine?"

He got no answer—the radio did not work.

Meanwhile Kuznetsov continued to descend his plane

streaking a blue trail. Was it smoke? Coming nearer Spartak saw it was gasoline leaking out. The gasoline tank must have been punctured or the power supply unit damaged. Whichever it was, it was bad. Kuznetsov would never reach the aerodrome.

Spartak signalled to him to pull to the reed-covered downstream valley—he happened to know there was a partisan camp there. But Kuznetsov had nothing to “pull” with—the engine had conked out.

No sooner he landed on the fuselage than his plane burst into flames. Viktor barely had time to scramble out. Looking around for shelter he noticed a straw stack not far away, and made for it as fast as his legs would carry him.

Without a moment's hesitation, Spartak made up his mind to land, too, and pick him up. He took in the terrain at a glance. The small field lay between two roads. Spartak flew low over the field inspecting it for trenches, ditches or knobs. It seemed even enough. He let out the chassis and prepared to land. The plane was almost in contact with the ground when Spartak caught sight of the low posts of a wire communication line. He tugged at the control and literally hopped over the obstacle. He would have to make another approach now. That was too bad. Every moment was precious. The Germans were running towards the place from both roads. Why didn't they shoot? Did they expect the Soviet pilots to surrender? “Well,” Spartak mused, “there's no harm in thinking. We'll be off and away before they know where they are.”

By lowering his hands to the ground, Viktor was indicating where to land. Immediately after his forced landing he had not known what to do. Now that he saw what was on his commander's mind, he plucked up courage.



This time Makovsky made his approach from a different side. The suspense was at its highest when the wheels touched the ground. If they should bump against something. . . .?

Kuznetsov ran towards the plane with all the speed he could muster. The Germans were already quite near.

Spartak faced the plane around. Kuznetsov jumped on to the wing and began wildly hugging and kissing him. It was hardly the time for such demonstrations, however. Spartak rapped out: "Left foot into the cockpit, right foot on the wing! Put your head under the canopy! Hold on to the sight bracket! Hurry! Off it goes!"

The Hitlerites were so near, they could see their faces quite clearly. The engine gave a terrifying snarl. Spartak tore along the track he had made in the snow-powdered stubble while landing. To add to the Germans' utter consternation, he fired a round from his machine-guns. The enemy soldiers ran for their lives.

Those were breathless seconds. Would he be able to take off? He had covered half the "runway". Why didn't it hop off? Was it all up? There was a furrow ahead. The wheels knocked against it, the plane jumped up and remained suspended in the air. Now the plane began to climb, higher and higher.

The Germans had come to their senses and opened fire. But the brave must indeed bear a charmed life, for not a bullet hit either Makovsky or Kuznetsov. True, some of them hit the airfoils but without causing any serious damage.

Presently the engine began to misfire. A glance at the fuel-flow meter told the pilot that the fuel had almost run out. There was barely enough left to reach the aerodrome. But where was it? He was not quite sure of his direction. Kuznetsov was blocking the view, making orien-

tation difficult. As if that were not enough the head wind beat in his face (he had had to raise the cockpit canopy) and tore at his goggles.

"Viktor, lift your head a bit, let me take a look at the compass," he shouted. But Viktor could not hear him. Spartak began to pull his hair. Viktor understood that and lifted his head slightly. It was enough for Makovsky to get the bearings. What was more, he saw the cause of the engine trouble. Kuznetsov had inadvertently shifted the ignition switch and thus immobilized a group of plugs. Spartak put the switch back in place and steered onto the proper course. Things looked brighter now.

"They were anything but bright at the beginning, though," Makovsky recalled afterwards. "Fuel was running out and there I was, wobbling over the enemy lines. I remember how I tried to persuade myself, 'There, there. Hold on! All will be well. Keep your head and you'll make it'. When I found my bearings, I had no more doubts. I was never so glad as when they started shelling me from anti-aircraft guns. That meant we had reached the front line and would soon be able to land on some likely spot."

Six of the eight pilots participating in the mission were already at the base. Lieutenant Andryushchenko reported to the regiment commander that on fulfilling the assignment Lieutenant Makovsky ordered them to fly home while he himself stayed by Kuznetsov whose plane was damaged but not out of control. Andryushchenko did not know that it was hit again later.

The commander looked to see what time it was, checked it with the time the group left on the mission and figured out the probable fuel consumption. The minutes dragged on. Suddenly there was a hilarious shout: "Here's one coming! Look at that dot up there!"



The dot was growing larger with every second. Soon they could see it was a Soviet aircraft, only her cockpit bulged rather curiously on one side. It looked as if something was hanging there. When the plane descended and was about to land they finally saw it was a man. Would the pilot manage to effect a safe landing under these peculiar conditions? Two lives were hanging by a thread!

The landing, however, was flawless.

Here is what we read in the regimental records:

"Even before Senior Lieutenant Makovsky fully completed the landing run, a group of pilots and mechanics crowded around his plane and carried out the two friends. Lieutenant Kuznetsov was immediately sent to the medical station with an injured leg. Everybody embraced and kissed Senior Lieutenant Makovsky. They tossed him up in the air, carried him around on their shoulders and for some time would not let him down."

That was a thrilling moment indeed.

Corps Commander Major-General Savitsky happened to be at the aerodrome just at that time. He had the officers lined up and addressing Spartak said: "I am overwhelmed by your singular courage, Comrade Makovsky. I have given orders for you to be recommended for the highest award—the title of Hero of the Soviet Union—and to be promoted to captain."

On the following day the regiment commander wrote the recommendation, in which he mentioned Kuznetsov's rescue, the ramming of the enemy plane and other distinguished services. The division commander's endorsement was brief and impressive. "The best and most fearless pilot in the division," was what he wrote.

The regiment was then stationed at Novo-Petrovka, some one hundred kilometres from Zaporozhye. If he

could get leave, he would be able to visit his parents. But even before Spartak broached the subject to the regiment commander, the latter had consulted with his superior and notified Makovsky that he was free to go on short leave.

\* \* \*

"I was in the house and Iosif Ivanovich was in the yard," related Yefimia Anisimovna years later. "Suddenly he opened the door and shouted: 'Anisimovna, Spartak is here!'"

A small PO-2 was circling low over the settlement. The man sitting behind the pilot was waving his hand in greeting. One could not make out his face but they were all sure it could be nobody else but Spartak. Not long before he had written to say that he had seen Zaporozhye from the air and had taken part in combats not far from his native town. "So it must be him," people decided. And they were right.

The plane landed beyond the vegetable plots. People ran towards it. Spartak was immediately recognized and welcomed by his parents and relations.

He went along the familiar streets, but could not recognize them. Here used to be the school he had attended. Nothing remained of it now. And there should be the factory where he had worked before he went to Kacha. Now there were some ruins and crumbled walls. And how many dwellings had been destroyed!

At the time of Spartak's visit Yemelian Sinchenko was at Zaporozhye to find out for the Ministry of Non-Ferrous Metallurgy the condition of the magnesium plant. He found nothing but ruins.

Here is how he describes his meeting with Spartak:



"Coming out of the ruined plant, I saw a woman walking in my direction. When she recognized me, she burst into tears: 'See what they did to our plant. May they fry in hell for that, the dirty vermin.' When I asked her about Makovsky, she said: 'Don't you know? He has come back. He has no home, the Germans burned it.'"

"Needless to say, I was greatly oppressed by what I had seen. It was in this mood that I went to find Makovsky. Imagine my surprise when I saw Spartak Makovsky. He had come to see his parents just the day before. Sadness and joy were mixed. Yefimia Anisimovna, unable to take her eyes off her son's face even for a moment, began to sob. I must confess that we men were also greatly affected. Spartak did what he could to comfort me."

The week passed quickly. The day came when pilot Makovsky left by the same plane that had brought him to his parents' home.

The ramming of the enemy plane and the rescue of Kuznetsov were such outstanding feats that they made Makovsky, the fearless pilot, talked about throughout the front. His "landing on bayonets", as one of his comrades aptly put it, was for a long time discussed in the regiment. First they were interested in the technical details: how to land on soft soil, how to deal with obstacles, natural and otherwise, how to lift the single-seater fighter with an extra man on board. When, however, the technical details had been cleared up, attention was shifted to the problem which had engaged everybody's thoughts since the event. Was his landing behind the enemy lines an act of recklessness or was it the result of shrewd calculation? And if it was neither, then what was it?

"What determined you to take your life in your hands?" a pilot asked Makovsky

"Nothing," he answered. "It just happened, that's all. There was no time to think things out."

"But don't you see that any trouble at landing on unfamiliar terrain or a few seconds' delay at take-off might have resulted in the loss of two pilots and two planes instead of one?" the man pursued. "Do you understand that?"

But Makovsky was unimpressed. "I do," he said. "But I did not at that time. And if anything like that should happen again, I shall not. I'll have no time to reflect. When I'm up there," he pointed his finger at the sky, "I know only one thing—to destroy the enemy and to help the friend."

\* \* \*

The big map of the Soviet Union with the tiny flags tracing the line of the front now presented an altogether different sight from the one that had occupied a whole wall in the school dormitory three years ago, in the Far East. It was with clenched teeth that they moved the flags to the east then. Now the flags were marching in the opposite direction—and how!

"Look where they've leapt," said Spartak to Semyon Lebedev, showing him how far the front line had advanced by the beginning of August. "It wasn't so very long ago that we looked at these little circles—Orsha, Mogilev, Vilnius, Minsk, Lvov, Brest, Pskov, Petrozavodsk—only to see that they were in enemy hands."

"Two months ago, I believe."

They had been won back one and all. Things were rapidly moving towards the climax. And see how far Zaporozhye was from the front.

Byelorussia, almost the entire Ukraine, most of Lithua-



nia, Latvia and Karelia were liberated. The time was not far off when the entire Soviet land will have been cleared.

• • •

It was harvest time at the "Bolshevik" collective farm. Iosif Ivanovich Makovsky had organized fourteen years ago, when a letter came from Spartak. Many of the collective farmers still remembered the sturdy youngster who had now become a famous pilot.

After reporting his fresh achievements, Spartak wrote: "Victory is near. What we need now is a consolidated rear. As your fellow-citizen, I appeal to you to concentrate every effort on rehabilitating the collective farm to which the fascist barbarians have done so much damage and above all to gather the harvest without unnecessary waste. By doing this you will do a great service to us at the front and to the country generally."

The letter was read publicly at a collective farm meeting and then was sent on to the factory where Spartak had worked before he became a cadet. It aroused feelings of pride and a desire to do everything to fulfil the request, coming as it did from a front-line fighter.

The answer ran:

"Your letter... has given us new strength. We shall work still better on the farm and shall do everything we can to help the Army crush the enemy."

## LOVE AT THE FRONT

■ It is time to introduce another essential character of our authentic narrative. This person was destined to play an important part in the life of Spartak Makovsky.

Anya Dudukalova lived in Essentuki, a spa in the Northern Caucasus. She had an olive-complexioned round face and wore her hair in two long braids. In June 1941, she finished secondary school and like any girl of her age cherished hopes for a happy future. She had been planning to go to Moscow, to enrol at a college there. In this, she had her mother's full support.

Three days after she received her general education certificate, the war broke out.

Who could know at that time that the war was to last four years? It seemed to Anya that in two or three months the fascists would be driven back beyond the Soviet borders and life would return to its normal course. That was why she did not drop her plan for a higher education. Only, she made up her mind to go to Ordjonikidze, which, after all, was nearer home than Moscow. At Ordjonikidze she enrolled at the teachers' training college.

However, she did not so much study as she dug trenches. When the situation deteriorated, classes were stopped altogether and Anya went back home. Shortly thereafter she decided to go to her brother's at Elkhotoovo. She travelled as far as Pyatigorsk. Farther on the roads were blocked. She reached Nalchik on foot, covering more than eighty kilometres.

She would have failed to board a train even there but for the kindly assistance of some soldiers who helped her onto the roof of a carriage. At night the train pulled out, but it made no stop at Elkhotoovo. So there were 18 kilometres to walk back. But she was not afraid, for she thought herself an experienced traveller by now. Anyway, she did not have to tramp it, for an Ossetian, going in the same direction, gave her a lift in his cart. Finally she reached Elkhotoovo.

The school, of which her brother's wife was principal,



was for the time being, the headquarters of the 265th Fighter Division. One day the chief-of-staff met Anya in the school yard.

"What do you do here?" he asked the girl.

"So far, nothing. I'm staying with my brother's family," she said.

"Are you a YCL member?"

"I am."

"Will you work as a switchboard operator for us?"

"Sure I will."

She was enlisted in the headquarters company.

Soon the division was deployed near Moscow, at the very place where Makovsky arrived from the Far East, almost at the same time. But then they had no idea of each other's existence.

\* \* \*

Bomb explosions shook the small house where the division's telephone switchboard was. The air was black with dust and smoke. But communication was not interrupted, and every order from the Army Headquarters was immediately passed on to the regiments.

Operator Dudukalova stood the test bravely. She did not leave her post at a moment of danger and was awarded a Distinguished Service Medal for efficient performance under fire.

Shortly afterwards Junior Sergeant Dudukalova—that was her rank now—became air traffic controller of the Corps Headquarters.

Anya first heard of Spartak Makovsky after his famous ram. But they did not meet until a year later. It happened

on the Black Sea shore, not far from Evpatoria. One day the air traffic controller Junior Sergeant Anna Dudukalova and the celebrated pilot Captain Spartak Makovsky looked into each other's eyes for the first time.

On the days that followed that first meeting the pilot used every opportunity to fly to a date with the air traffic controller. To be more exact, he walked. But something must have given him wings, for he covered the eight kilometres dividing them in the record time of one hour by the clock.

...The operator's desk is studded with a dozen telephones and radio sets, which carry through the sound of battle and tense atmosphere of the command post. One regiment to be directed to the square so-and-so! Reinforcements to be sent at once to such and such a place! Anya is nervous. She must be quick. She mustn't lose time. She must act with precision. It would make anybody nervous—particularly with Spartak in the air!

"As soon as he left on a mission," Anna Antonovna related years later, "I'd just sit there with my heart in my mouth. Out of the incessant din of voices I was always able to single out his metallic 'Fifty here' (that was the number of his plane), or 'Falcon here'. I would sit there and tremble till he landed."

For two and a half years the fascists had been committing their outrages in the Crimea. But now their hour had come. In spring 1944, Soviet troops launched a decisive offensive. Spartak Makovsky was among those who fought in the Crimean skies.

The headquarters of the 3rd Air Corps has compiled a document entitled "List of Those Who Distinguished Themselves in Fighting over the Crimea." The list cites an episode highly characteristic of Makovsky's own manner of dealing with the enemy. It happened on April 12, at the height of the offensive in the direction of Simferopol. A group of



four fighter planes under Captain Makovsky were sent to provide cover for Soviet troops.

Sixteen fascist bombers escorted by six fighters were ready to drop their deadly cargo on the Soviet troops. There was not a minute to be lost. They were to be attacked at once.

"Captain Makovsky's group flying at a higher altitude than the enemy and using the advantage of cloudy weather took the German bombers by surprise, causing panic and confusion, and disrupting the enemy's combat formation. The group then proceeded to deal with the enemy planes one by one."

As a result of the surprise attack six enemy planes were destroyed. Makovsky and his comrade David Dzhabidze shot down two fascist vultures each. They had a chance to recall the combat twenty years later when they met in sunny Georgia, Dzhabidze's native land. (Today David Dzhabidze has an M. A. in history and is an associate professor at Tbilisi University.)

Two days after that combat Spartak Makovsky was busy acknowledging congratulations on account of the decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR conferring on him the title of Hero of the Soviet Union. Before the newspapers containing the decree reached the unit the information had been given over the telephone, so Anya Dudukalova was one of the first to learn the news. She did so much want to shake the courageous pilot by the hand. But she felt shy.

She also felt shy later—when they were married. It was rather unusual, a wedding at the front. People might think it strange, with the war still going on. But one does not choose the time to fall in love. Besides, victory was in the air.

The guests at the wedding were fighter-pilots, Spartak's friends. Each brought what he had to eat and it

Accepted No: 3667

U.D.C. 10: 13-8-82

Date:

made quite a spread. The bride still remembers the tinned fruit contributed by the bridegroom. She had no idea where he got it.

The regiment was already on German territory. The newly weds decided to regard their wedding on foreign soil as a preliminary affair. They would have their real grand wedding after the war, at Zaporozhye. And they did come there in September 1945. But they had no wedding. Instead, they had to drink the bitter cup of sorrow on the very day they arrived under the parental roof. But about that, later.

## BEFORE THE FINAL ASSAULT

■ “Greetings, my dear ones,  
“I inform you all that I am at present where the enemy attacked our country from in 1941. The hour of reckoning has come!”

Spartak inscribed these triumphant words on January 26, 1945, writing to his parents from a small Prussian town where his regiment was then deployed. How often had the pilots read the strange German place names on the map in the summer months of the year just past, thinking that if not that year, then surely the next they would get to them. Now the Soviet Army was finishing off the foe in his own den. The inevitable had come to pass, the hour of reckoning had struck. No wonder Spartak felt elated.

The end of the war was drawing near. Soviet pilots now had it all their own way in the skies. The situation was entirely different from what it had been when Spartak was entering his combat career. At that time the moment he ascended in the air enemy planes would pounce on him from all sides, and he had a hard time beating them off. Now, however, he had to scour the skies for an adversary. It was diffe-



rent on the ground though, and that was why Soviet fighter planes had to act as attack aircraft.

The final battle—the assault on Berlin—was in preparation. Before it started, there was a brief meeting of the regiment personnel.

"You'll give a short address at the meeting, Makovsky," said the deputy commander of the unit. "I know you are not one to make speeches, but you'd better do it this time. We have many young pilots in the regiment, and a few words from an old hand like you would do them no end of good."

Alone, Spartak fell deep in thought. He recalled the day when on his way to the regiment after finishing the pilot training school he had paid a visit to his parents, and his father gave him his biography with a perceptive dedication. Spartak took it out of his map-case and again, he did not remember for which time, re-read it from the first to the last line. He paid attention to the place describing his father's liberation from a Kolchak prison where he had been tortured almost to death. "And so," he wrote, "I was given a second life, which was to be fruitful and happy, by the Red Army of the workers and peasants."

"Now, too, the Soviet Army wins happiness for people," Spartak mused. "And it is not only for the Soviet people, but for the peoples of other countries too. It is a great honour to serve in a liberation army. This is what I'll tell them tomorrow."

At early dawn the regiment was lined up on the airfield. On the right flank, the regimental colour was waving in the wind.

Major Makovsky, Hero of the Soviet Union, was given the floor.

Just as Spartak stepped out of the ranks and took a position beside the commander, a tremendous artillery cannonade rent the calm of the morning—the final assault began.

Therefore Makovsky's speech was very short indeed, even shorter than the one he had mentally rehearsed the previous day. Having reminded his audience of the shining traditions of the regiment, he said:

"On behalf of the personnel of the 1st Squadron I assure the command that the squadron shall not betray the sacred trust the country has placed in us. Let us swear before this colour that we shall multiply the martial glory of our regiment in the coming battle."

In a few minutes the squadron took off. On that and the following days the pilots were kept busy. Returning to the base for a short rest and to refuel they exchanged impressions:

"Our artillery stands in an unbroken chain. As to the planes, you can count them by hundreds."

"Better say, by thousands."

Yes, there were thousands of planes. True, the enemy also had many planes, for they had ceased all resistance in the West and moved whatever manpower and materiel they had into action against the USSR. Even so, the superiority of Soviet weapons was obvious and the fighting morale of the Soviet troops was invincible.

Spartak Makovsky was in action till the very last day of the war. The concluding battles were fought in April 1945. The Air Force helped the ground troops to mop up the remnants of fiercely resisting enemy hordes. On the hectic April 19 Makovsky made six sorties, destroying one enemy aircraft and damaging another.

Ten days later, on April 29, he scored off his last air victory. The plane he shot down on that day had for a passenger a German plane designer who carried important drawings with him. Though Spartak did not know that, he tried to force the pilot to land. The latter refused to obey and was dealt with accordingly. He bailed out just in time and was



taken prisoner. But his three passengers, the designer among them, were killed in the crash.

Spartak's final score, as registered in his flight book, was as follows:

"Combat flights over the period of the Patriotic War on the North Caucasian, Southern, 4th Ukrainian, 3rd Byelorussian and 1st Byelorussian fronts totalled 218 (216 by day and 2 at night).

Ground troops and installation cover—134.

Escort cover for bombers and attack aircraft—34.

Attacks on enemy aerodromes—7.

Attacks on ground troops and installations—13.

Free-lance sorties—10.

Reconnaissance air support—7.

Interception flights—13.

Fought 79 air combats resulting in 23 individual and two assisted shot-downs. Destroyed on the ground five planes single-handed and one plane with his group."

## INDOMITABLE STRENGTH

■ During the spring days of 1945 Iosif Ivanovich could not tear himself away from the radio. The brief Soviet Information Bureau summaries were not enough for him. He listened avidly to feature stories, articles, news commentaries, etc.

At last the long-awaited news came: Nazi Germany had capitulated.

Each family celebrated the great victory in their own way. But whatever their individual dispositions, people wept for joy everywhere. So did Yelmina Anisimovna who could not contain her emotion.

"Come, Mother, let us go outside," her husband called to her. "Look how people are streaming out of their houses."

The street was crowded. People gathered in groups, exchanging greetings and congratulations and mourning those who would never come back again.

In the very first letter to his son written after the termination of the war Iosif Makovsky asked how soon Spartak would be able to get leave. The question was repeated in nearly every subsequent letter.

The first summer after the war passed quickly. In mid-August the Regional Party Committee sent Iosif Makovsky to the Krasnoarmeisky district to help conduct state grain purchases there.

"Shall I manage to be through by the end of September?" was his thought on leaving the Regional Committee building with his instructions in his pocket. Spartak had written in a recent letter that chances were he would be granted leave in September.

The grain harvesting was proceeding successfully. It was the first post-war harvest and the collective farmers put their hearts into the work. The Karl Marx collective farm where Iosif Ivanovich was staying for the time of the harvest fulfilled its plan of grain sales to the state ahead of time.

Late that night he compiled his report to the Regional Committee secretary. Another assignment had been fulfilled. He almost lost count of the missions he had carried out for the Party during his 28 years of membership. He and numerous other rank-and-file members in towns, villages and Army units accounted for the Party's indomitable strength.

He thought of his sons, who were Communists like him. Of Dmitry, who gave his life at the very beginning of the war, at Brest, and of Spartak, who finished the war at Berlin. Iosif Ivanovich took out a sheet of paper and wrote the date, September 25, 1945.

The letter he was about to write was not to be an ordinary communication of everyday family happenings and state



of health. So he put a heading at the beginning: "A Message to My Beloved Son, Spartak Iosifovich."

Then he wrote:

"This is to express my sincere paternal wish for you to enjoy unbroken happiness and always keep in excellent health. We have gone through horrible days and years during the clash of two worlds—the world of fascism and the world of communism. We have won! Now is the time for you to enjoy life. You, my son, must have happiness for the two of us, you must have more ease than I ever had, for just as I turned seventeen there set in a long stretch of bloody wars and revolutions. Hard years have fallen to my lot, so hard that I have never been able to dispose of myself as I otherwise would. And so it is even today when I have reached fifty. Many a hard day has been written off my allotted time. It has been to promote your happiness that we, your elders, have not begrudged our own. Now you have completed the battle we have begun."

Even as Iosif Ivanovich was writing these lines Spartak and Anya were approaching Zaporozhye by train.

Spartak did not find his parents at home. His father had not yet returned from his mission and his mother had left to pay a visit to her sister, who lived on a near-by farm. On learning of her son's arrival, however, Yelena Anisimovna hurried home and was there in a few hours. No words can describe the mother's joy on seeing her son, her only son now, alive and well after that horrible war.

Spartak went to the Regional Party Committee to find out when his father could be expected to return home.

"They'll have a concluding conference this afternoon," said the secretary's assistant. "I'll call them up to let your father know you are here. He'll be home by night, I'm sure."

The women had been busy in the kitchen since morning. The table was spread. Everybody was there only the head

of the family was missing. Now and then people would consult their watches. Ten o'clock, then eleven o'clock. Presently it was midnight.

"They must have finished late and Father decided to leave at dawn," Spartak said. "You'd better lie down and rest a little, Mother."

"No, I'll sit up a while yet," she said.

So they sat up for him, but he came neither that night, nor the next morning, nor any other day. He had disappeared, nobody knew where.

## FOUL REVENGE

■ It was already late autumn and the trees were shedding their leaves when a neighbour came round to Makovsky's door with an odd request:

"Anisimovna, give me a bed sheet, please."

"What do you want it for?" asked Yefimia Anisimovna, surprised.

"I just happen to need one. And let Klara come with me."

The old woman did as she was asked, and the neighbour and her daughter left together. A bad premonition clutched at her heart and would not let go.

When Klara returned at last, she was ghostly pale. Rushing to her mother's side, she broke into uncontrollable sobs. She could not speak and only repeated, "Father, Father".

The mother slipped on her shawl to go and find out what had happened. But her daughter would not let her out of the house. What she had just seen was too horrible. Her mother might not be able to survive it.

Going across a field, Iosif Makovsky's first cousin, Stepan Antonovich Makovsky, and his friend Vasili Kolyadka, had



noticed a hand sticking out of the ground. They quickly ran to the settlement, brought some people to the spot and unearched the body.

An inquiry was set up. One of its first records, describing the place of the accident, read:

"November 14, 1945.

"On the second field of the Bolshrevik collective farm of the Matveyevsky Rural Soviet (Kramatorskiy district), 800 metres north-west of Zelyonyy... on a tract of land sown to winter wheat, a metre-deep aperture was discovered, from which human arms and a portion of bare chest were showing.

"On loosening the soil a further one metre crosswise and 1.5 metres lengthwise to an additional depth of 0.5 metre we discovered a male corpse. The head was wrapped to the shoulders in a blue greatcoat of military cut... The greatcoat was tied around the neck with a broad belt... The neck had a slash running to the spinal column... In the left-hand pocket of the army-type shirt we discovered the following papers: 1) Passport ShM No. 573010 in the name of Iosif Ivanovich Makovskiy... 4) Mission credential issued by the Zaporozhye Regional Committee of the Communist Party (Bolsheviks) of the Ukraine on August 15, 1945, with the arrival in the district given as August 16, 1945, and departure from the same given as September 28, 1945... 10) Letter addressed to Spartak Makovskiy..."

The letter was the "message" we have quoted. It was stained with blood.

The body was brought to the club of the magnesium plant. I. I. Makovskiy's comrades stood around his coffin with bent heads. Before them lay a Bolshevik, a veteran of three wars and two revolutions. He had been shot at, shelled and bombed. He had been flogged with ramrods and stabbed with

bayonets: He had survived. For all the blood he had shed, he had survived! The most horrible of wars had thundered past, and the sun of Victory was shining over his country—and he lay there, dead.

Why did he have to die? Let us again turn to documentary sources. As stated in a certificate signed by the head of the regional social insurance department and issued to Yefimia Anisimovna Makovsky, "as follows from the papers contained in her pension file, her husband, Iosif Ivanovich Makovsky, member of the CPSU (Bolsheviks) since 1917, was brutally murdered in September 1945 while an authorized representative of the Zaporozhye Regional Party Committee conducting state grain purchases in the Krasnoarmeisky district of the Zaporozhye region."

Who murdered him? I sought for the answer in the three ponderous volumes of the criminal investigation.

Towards the evening of September 27, before the beginning of the final conference, Makovsky dropped in at the District Executive Committee to have his credential marked with the date of his departure for Zaporozhye. He meant to leave on September 28. There he learned that his son had arrived on a visit from Germany.

Obtaining permission not to be present at the conference, Iosif Ivanovich hurried to the railway station. The train for Zaporozhye had left. What was he to do? Makovsky approached the driver of the shunting engine to find out if he was going in the direction of Zaporozhye. He was in luck, the engine was going there.

So much was deposed by witnesses. Noboby saw Makovsky reach his station or knew which road he walked on his way home. There was so little left to go—some 800 metres, no more.

I shall not go into the details of the investigation and court hearings. All I can say is that the murderer remained



unknown. But the investigation material and reminiscences of Makovsky's friends prove beyond a shadow of doubt that his murder was an act of revenge from those whom he exposed as collaborationists and embezzlers.

"I knew Iosif Ivanovich Makovsky since 1937 as constantly elected deputy of the Rural Soviet, active public worker and Party member," Pavel Mazgin deposed. "Makovsky was a most active member of the Rural Soviet; he put his whole heart and soul into the collective farms and worked incessantly to help achieve higher living standards for the farmers. Those alien to Soviet power were hateful to him."

Another investigation document states: "It has been established that L. L. Makovsky was founder of the Bolshchik collective farm and that he waged an active struggle against class enemies and traitors after the liberation of Zaporozhye from the German invaders, which justifies the suspicion that his murder was a terrorist act of revenge."

The same idea is expressed in a letter by E. A. Sinchenko:

"All that is foul in our society—former confederates of the counter-revolutionary bandit Makhar, diseased kulaks; those in whom hatred for Soviet power still smoulders; the dregs that rose to the surface during the German occupation; all those the old Bolshevik Makovsky fought uncompromisingly while they holed up and waited for their chance. They watched his movements. Like highway bandits, they took the life of a wonderful man, a Communist."

\* \* \*

For the first time in four years Soviet people saw in the New Year amid peaceful surroundings, and soldiers did not

have to think of tomorrow's battles. A restive spirit reigned in the units and in the officers club. But Spartak was unable to share the general mood. He was anxious about his father.

It was clear that something irrevocable had happened—it was impossible that a man should thus disappear, without leaving a trace, without leaving any sign. His father must have met with disaster. So spoke Spartak's reason. But his heart refused to be sensible, it went on hoping.

On New Year's eve Spartak sent a postcard to his father in which he wrote:

"Dear Father, I am confident that you are alive and well, and I will not think anything to the contrary. I wish you a Happy New Year and may you enjoy happiness and good health for many years to come."

As he was writing that, his father was no more among the living. His relatives knew how hard it would be for Spartak to learn of his father's fate and had put off informing him of the shocking tragedy that had descended late one September night. But can such news be kept back indefinitely?...

Spartak felt his bereavement keenly. He loved his father for his integrity, outspokenness and even for his lack of sentimentality, which was his way of making good citizens out of his children. Spartak withdrew into himself. He became silent and aloof.

His wife did what she could to comfort him. She told him they must use the first opportunity to visit his mother...

The regiment was still in Germany. The young Makovskys got a flat and set up house-keeping. Spartak was consumed by new cares, such as he had never known before. He learned that he was to become a father.



## ONCE A SOLDIER—ALWAYS A SOLDIER

■ To get to the airfield of the Sverdlovsk flying club one has to traverse the new and the old town in the direction of Uktus, a village to which the citizens used to go picnicking on their days off. The neighbourhood has now been so built up however, that it is no longer recognizable. Having passed rows of multistoried modern dwellings and a few old wooden houses, which are there to remind us of what provincial Ekaterinburg (now Sverdlovsk) was like in its day, you emerge onto a vast open space. To the right, not far from the road, you can see a number of small trainer aircraft. Compared with present-day airliners, they seem no more than toys.

It is an ordinary flying day. A stocky man in a leather jacket is standing beside the plane of the pilot of the day. He is head of the club Spartak Makovsky. When the war was over he served for some time in his old regiment, then attended graduate courses in aerial tactics. When the doctors no longer permitted him to fly jet planes because of the injury he received on the day he rammed an enemy plane, he began to train young pilots.

He was closely watching a trainer plane making evolutions in the air. It was the trainee's first solo flight.

"He has what it takes all right, only his hand is a bit unsteady," was Makovsky's comment. "The beginner is nervous."

Bormotov, the trainee, was, indeed, rather tense. That did not escape the expert pilot's eye. Because he did not manage so well Bormotov became so flustered that he forgot to run out the landing gear when it was time to.

Makovsky was first to realize the danger. He immediately ordered the runway controller to change the landing mark so as to get the pilot to make a second landing approach.

But Bormotov did not notice the change and landed just as he was. Fortunately he got off easy. The plane was out of commission for a few days, but the pilot was safe and sound. Makovsky gave him a good dressing-down, of course. But he finished his lecture, rather unexpectedly, with: "All right, kid, you'll make a good pilot yet."

One must have considerable psychological insight to be able, in a situation like this, to see the young pilot's perseverance and high sense of responsibility. Makovsky gleaned those qualities in Bormotov. And he was right. His pupil became a first-rate pilot and flew high-speed fighters confidently. He may be flying them to this day, remembering with gratitude his former teacher.

Gennady Lyapunov, Vladimir Potaskuyev, Gennady Kravchenko, Valentin Veselov and many other Soviet pilots whom Spartak Makovsky has trained have the warmest recollections of the man who passed on to them his hard-won experience. Now and again they send him letters full of warm regard and appreciation.

"Under S. I. Makovsky's directorship the Sverdlovsk regional flying club annually fulfilled and overfulfilled the plans of training pilot-sportsmen, both as to scope and standards... The flying club occupies first place among all the flying clubs of the USSR Voluntary Society for Assisting the Army, Air Force and Navy."

The above is a quotation from the order by the chairman of the Sverdlovsk Regional Committee of the society, dated September 17, 1958. The concluding passage runs:

"On the day of S. I. Makovsky's retirement for reasons of health the entire personnel and membership of the society's regional organization and the Party and trade-union bodies of the Regional Committee whole-heartedly wish him good health, happiness and a quiet life."

The order was issued when doctors forbade Makovsky to



ly not only jet but piston-engined aircraft as well. Spartak Makovsky had been flying various types of trainer and combat planes for more than twenty years. The air had become his native element. And here he had to give up flying for good. It was a drastic change indeed, and he found it extremely difficult to re-adjust himself to the new tenor of life.

"At first Spartak went about as black as a thundercloud," his wife recalls. "But soon he made an effort to overcome this and shook off his spleen."

\* \* \*

The telephone in the small office of the manager of Sverdlovsk Lorry Transportation Agency No. 6 is never idle for a moment.

"Hullo! Is this the agency? Who is on the line? The manager? Very good. This is the kindergarten. Comrade manager, what do you think we shall give the children for breakfast tomorrow?"

"For breakfast tomorrow?" Makovsky smiles. "Semolina, most likely."

"Semolina too. But I ask you, have you delivered the semolina and the rest of the foodstuffs to us? We sent in the order three days ago."

"We received it exactly two hours ago. I'll send a lorry in a minute."

"Hullo! Comrade Makovsky? This is the district hospital. Thanks ever so much for the firewood. You've been our saviour. But the wood's running out, there's only just enough left for three more heatings. Please do deliver the rest of the wood."

"Three lorries are going to the wood-yard this very morning. Don't you worry, you'll have your firewood."

"Comrade Makovsky? Good morning! This is the District Party Committee. How's the delivery of vegetables going on? I remind you that the day after tomorrow the bureau hears your report on how you cope with the plan."

Scheduled rides and special rides, telephone calls and telegrammes. Orders coming in from all over the place! Not a moment that he can call his own.

And that is his "quiet life".

But Spartak enjoys it. One might wonder what he wants it for. Hasn't he got universal respect, a good flat, an adequate pension? He could live without having a care in the world! But no, he must plunge himself into the very midst of the city's bustling life.

Drivers come into his office to report on the jobs they have done and to receive new assignments. They discuss their problems with Spartak on a perfectly equal footing, since it is understood here that everybody concerned is interested in carrying out his duties to the best possible effect. There is no bossing, or being ordered about. The former pilot, clearly has proved an excellent educator whose equanimity and discipline, whose ability to be tough without being unfair, and whose genuine concern for better conditions have earned him the general esteem of the drivers and mechanics. When the lads find out that their manager was a famous pilot, a Hero of the Soviet Union, they become so devoted to him that they are ready to do any job he assigns, no matter how difficult it may be. However, he avoids mentioning his war-time activities and wears his Gold Star well out of sight pinned to the lapel of his jacket, over which he always slips a coat.

The working day is over. No more extra-urgent orders for today. After a hasty snack, Spartak hurries to a lesson. The Sverdlovsk Law College has set up a People's University of Jurisprudence and Makovsky has become a student.



Two days ago they had lectures in labour and civil law. The topic for today is the court and arbitration. There is a lot a business executive must know.

Spartak became used to Sverdlovsk. But now and then he was seized with a longing to go back to the old place, the scene of his schoolboy days and budding independence. So, one day he said to Anya, what his father had said to his wife forty years before, "What do you say to us going back to the Ukraine?"

The Makovskys have been living in Zaporozhye since 1961. For some time Spartak did no work at all. He had to take treatment. But soon he felt the old urge to act, to be useful to his country and people. He never speaks of it but it is in his blood, an inseparable part of his nature. Today, the former pilot Spartak Makovsky is chief mechanic of a specialized plant installation organization, which services the larger enterprises of the Zaporozhye and neighbouring regions. Anna Antonovna has got used to her husband's frequent absences when he goes on business trips to Dnipropetrovsk, Kharkov and other Ukrainian industrial towns. But what with the children having grown up and gone away, she sometimes feels lonely.

Before he was drafted, Gennady, who was born in Germany in 1946, had finished secondary school and worked for some time as a fitter at a radio-engineering factory. At present he is a sergeant in the Rocket Forces, a radio specialist.

"Everything is all right with me," he wrote to his parents on March 8, 1966. "By the time the 23rd CPSU Congress opens I shall have taken my exam for the third proficiency rating. But there is still a lot to do, the equipment is quite intricate. I try to do my best.

"I have caught up on my gym, so now I am not worse than the other fellows, as I was at the very beginning."

Gennady Makovsky represents the third generation of

this family of Bolsheviks. Like his grandfather and father before him, he begins his independent life with military service. Arms in hand, he stands guard over his country and universal peace. It is natural that he should wish to be worthy of his forebears and serve his people as faithfully as they did. This is what he wrote to his father in a letter from Moldavia where he is serving:

"Dear Father! On this, your forty-fifth birthday, I wish you many happy returns and much happiness in your life.

"I shall serve my country with honour, shall try not to let you down and be a credit to you."

The last words reveal the young man's justified pride in his father and his desire to follow in his footsteps. He bids well to be as good a soldier as he is a son, for this is what the commander of his unit wrote about him:

"Gennady Makovsky is well-mannered and sociable and enjoys his comrades' great respect. He takes an active part in the social activities of his sub-unit and has won several citations for good service from the unit command."

The younger son, Boris, is Gennady's junior by two years. After finishing secondary school, he was admitted to the Tomsk Teachers' Training College and is now a student of the English department.

And that is how it has come about that Anna Antonovna's mail arrives mostly from Moldavia and Siberia. Her cherished and eagerly awaited mail, we must add.

\* \* \*

There are some who say it is not much good describing important events soon after they have occurred. One should wait a few years, in order to be able to view them in retrospect and so grasp their import more profoundly and assess



them more correctly. If true with respect to events, it must be even more so regarding the nature and record of a person.

In one's lifetime one meets many people. But only a few leave an indelible trace in one's heart. The longer the time that has passed since one's last meetings with such persons, the more veracious the opinion one has formed of them. Spartak Makovsky's personality has been imprinted on the hearts of those who know him. Though it is many years since they met him last, they write of him with great warmth and lofty appreciation.

"What is characteristic of him is his genuine modesty, nobility of spirit, regard for his comrades, readiness to risk his life for a worthy purpose and give succor to one in trouble. It is his absolute unselfishness." So writes Alexander Doroshenkov, Makovsky's former fellow-officer and commander.

And here is what Viktor Kurnetsov, whom he snapped up from under the Hitlerites' very noses in January 1944, writes about his rescuer:

"We parted in August, 1945 and met again, quite accidentally, in Yalta, twelve years later. It was not a very pleasant meeting. Life has its ups and downs, and at that time I was very definitely down. Spartak, who has never been conspicuous for mincing words, let me have it straight from the shoulder and added that if he ever met me again in the same condition, he would cut me. It made me think things over well and, though not all at once, I turned a new leaf.

"Our meeting at his home in Zaporozhye today has been truly brotherly.

"Spartak Makovsky is one who never abandons a friend in adversity, whether in war or in peace."

Engineer Colonel Sibilev, a former fellow-officer, wrote to Makovsky in a private letter on February 26, 1959:

“Your image shall ever be to me a symbol of humaneness and chivalry. You are the pride of our aviation, of our country, as epitome of faithful service to the people.”

Another former comrade-in-arms wrote to him:

“Dear Spartak, I have always loved you more than any man I know, and so I ever will.”

The last quotation is from a letter written on May 14, 1965, by David Dzhabidze, Hero of the Soviet Union, twenty years after their last meeting. A year later the old friends met again in Georgia, as I have already related.

\* \* \*

Dusk is falling. It is quiet in the Makovskys' comfortable home. We are turning over the photographs, thinking over past experiences and occasionally exchanging brief remarks. The bell rings. Spartak goes out into the hall and opens the door.

“Good evening!” say several ringing voices at once. “We are from the Young Pioneer organization of School No. 5. We would like you very much to come to our meeting tomorrow and tell us about the war.”

“Sorry, but tomorrow I have a very busy day.”

There is a slight pause. Then:

“Well, why don't you come the day after tomorrow or the day after the day after tomorrow? You just tell us when it is convenient for you, and we'll fix the meeting for that day.”

Shall he tell them that he is always busy? He has so little spare time. But he can't very well send them away like this.

“I'll tell you what,” says Spartak. “Call me up next Monday, around six, and we'll thresh it out then, good?”



"Thank you very much. Good-bye," pipe the voices.

"Delegations of this sort are frequent visitors here," Spartak says resuming his seat at the table. "Perhaps they should not be told about the war—the millions of people killed and maimed, the widows and orphans, the devastation, and ruin, the blood and the tears. Need they know it?" he asks dubiously, and immediately answers his own question. "Yes, they must. They should know what price has been paid for their happy childhood so that they may fully appreciate it."

He often meets children. And not only those who belong to the Young Pioneer team named after him but others as well. He loves children. He has inherited this love from his father.

\* \* \*

Zaporozhye, the town of steel-smelters, power-plant workers and machine-builders, has rapidly risen from the ruins and grown large, beautiful and prosperous. Its enterprises send their products to fifty countries.

Thousands of foreign visitors—trade unionists, business people and tourists—have been to Zaporozhye in recent years. People of different social milieus and diverging views, with different sentiments towards the Soviet Union and its people. But they were unanimous in their appreciation of the city's astounding post-war progress.

"We were amazed to find how rapidly you have rehabilitated this colossal plant," was the comment of a Scottish trade-union delegation after a visit to the Dnieper hydro-power station.

Another entry in the honorary guests' book, made by a visitor from Indonesia, reads:

"I still fail to understand how the USSR could finance the country's development after World War II without any

outside aid. It really makes everybody marvel."

"The new city is really marvellous, with its squares and large handsome buildings," wrote John Newtol, an Englishman, who visited Zaporozhye together with his wife.

Walking along the streets of Zaporozhye, indistinguishable from other passers-by, is a modestly dressed man of medium height and sturdy build. He is Spartak Makovsky, a Communist and the son of a Communist, one of those who have made possible the victory over nazism and have dedicated themselves to the noble goal of making their country ever more prosperous and mighty and the life of the people ever happier.





Red Guard Iosif Makovsky. 1918

Junior Lieutenant Spartak Makovsky with his mother. 1939

Father and son. 1939

It was among these corpses of partisans tortured to death by the White Guards that Iosif Makovsky was found, still alive. The picture was taken on November 29, 1919









This is how the construction of the Dnieper hydro-electric station started

The Dnieper hydro-electric station today ►







**Iosif Makovsky at the front. 1942**

Iosif Makovsky to his son Spartak about to leave home to take up his first job. The inscription reads: "My dear son Spartak, I am giving you my brief life-story which will be your lifetime legacy and guidance in devotion to the cause of the Party of Lenin. Your father Makovsky. March 7, 1939"

**Spartak Makovsky. 1943**



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely in a Native American language, possibly Navaho. The text is written on aged, stained paper and includes several lines of script, some of which are partially obscured by ink blots and a small rectangular stamp or mark.





Fighter pilot Spartak Makovsky beside his plane. 1944

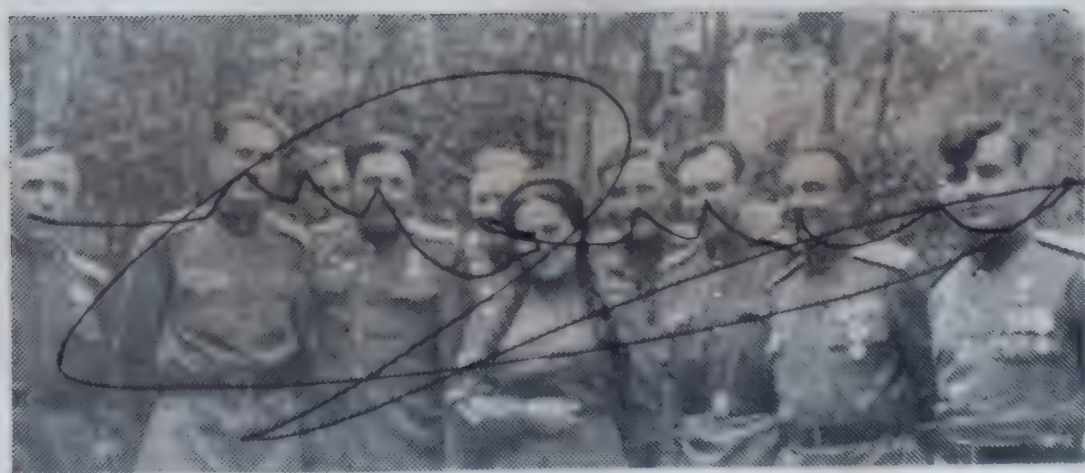


Spartak Makovsky and Viktor Kuznetsov in the cockpit of Ma-  
kovsky's single-seater fighter. January, 1944





Spartak Makovsky (centre), chief mechanic of a Zaporozhye plant installation organization, at a construction site. 1966





◀ Viktora Kuznetsov (on the left) meeting his rescuer Spartak Makovsky twelve years after the war, 1962



◀ Spartak Makovsky's wife, Anna Antonovna, among her friends, May 9, 1945

Spartak Makovsky with his sons, Boris and Gennady. 1959 ►



Spartak Makovsky at his father's grave. 1966







Hero of the Soviet Union Lieutenant-Colonel (Reserve) Spartak  
Makovsky. 1967



## CONTENTS

7	Turbulent childhood
14	In whose interests?
20	First meeting with Lenin
28	In Siberia
37	The prison
48	Delegate to the Congress of Soviets
60	In the foremost line of battle
82	Spartak straightens up his shoulders
92	Father's parting message
96	Following the rocket
103	War!
112	Admitted by unanimous vote
121	Baptism of fire
126	Ram attack
132	Glad tidings
135	Front-line routine
142	When a friend needs you
153	Love at the front
158	Before the final assault
161	Indomitable strength
164	Foul revenge
169	Once a soldier—always a soldier

R B A . T S H S ( M )		LIBRARY
B lore - 42		
Accession No ;	3667	
U.D.C No :	8-3 / (BRAIN)	
Date;	13-8-82	

И. БРАЙНИН  
Эстафета поколений  
на английском языке  
Цена 43 коп.





